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DETROIT.

THE MARCH OF AN IDEA

The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Government, or Directory, have had a heavy fall. They have been beaten by forty-four votes to thirty-five on a hostile amendment of Mr. Denman's to the clause of their Petroleum Bill which, in giving the State the right to bore for petroleum, awards the landlord a royalty of ninepence a ton. The petroleum is badly wanted, and the State, on any enlightened, let alone any Radical theory of public right, should have it without paying its footing to the landlord, who, as Mr. George well said in 1909, when he was taxing royalties instead of creating them, has risked nothing "and made no industry" save the "industry of receiving." From Limehouse to Landlordism is a long stride, but Mr. George has covered it in record time. But it was too much for a House of Commons which retains a Liberal majority; and though Mr. Long insisted that the country should not have its oil unless the landlord got his royalties, Mr.

Denman's amendment was carried. Even the Government's minority was made up, according to Mr. Dillon, of twenty officials, and only fifteen unretained Commons. The blow is a bad one, and the Government, which, in our view, is the worst that England has ever had, will be seriously shaken by it. The country should begin to think of an alternative.

THE complicated Ministerial crisis in France has ended in a very simple solution. M. Ribot has left the Foreign Office and the Ministry, and has been replaced by M. Barthou. With this single change M. Painlevé's combination remains exactly as it was. There were three reasons for the instability of his Government, which had been reflected in the usual way in the Chamber, not by direct defeats, but by the abstention of nearly 200 Deputies, and this not on the usual rhetorical vote of confidence, but on "the order of the day, pure and simple." The first of these reasons may have been that M. Painlevé himself, though he enjoys a personal (and deserved) respect unusual in French politics, and has been a capable War Minister, lacks the dramatic and oratorical gift which the Chamber expects in its leaders. The second was the incoherence of his treatment of the Malvy affair, and his refusal to prosecute M. Daudet for grotesque calumnies which he had none the less treated as charges serious enough to require a full-dress debate in the Chamber and a judicial inquiry. The charges were either journalistic froth, in which case they should have been ignored, or they were a serious crime against the unity of a nation at war. The third reason was, in one word, M. Ribot. The solution of the crisis shows that, in the opinion of the Cabinet itself, this last reason alone was serious.

M. RIBOT, a veteran, who enjoys universal respect, was, first of all, the obstacle to the entry of Socialists into the Cabinet, on account of his veto on Stockholm. His new offence was his treatment of the German overtures for peace made through M. Briand. The exact facts were disclosed at the secret session by M. Briand himself, and some of them are publicly known. M. Briand received communications from a German intermediary (one account, which is probably mistaken, says Prince Bülow). This agent disclosed a new set of German terms, apparently generous towards the Western Powers. It included, the "Manchester Guardian" reports, complete independence for Belgium, the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and the cession of Trieste to Italy. About the first two items there is no doubt. The *quid pro quo* was to be apparently some such compensations at the expense of Russia as the German "Eastern" school has always desired. M. Briand thought the offer serious, and communicated it to the Government, of course with the stipulation that the other Allies should be consulted. His view seems to have been that an offer, which began so well in the West, might be improved by bargaining in the East. M. Ribot dismissed the offer out of hand, and denounced it to the Chamber as a "peace-trap."

THE fall of M. Ribot in these circumstances is of the first importance. It proves that the Chamber is not prepared to prolong the war a day longer than is necessary to secure a good peace, and marks a salutary reaction against the loose talk of so many statesmen and so many newspapers about "peace traps" and "peace-offensives." Clearly, this required from the whole Entente a reasoned answer. The view of the Chamber, and on second thoughts, the view of the Ministry, was presumably that the way to treat a feeler of this kind was to insist on securing fair treatment for Russia. The legitimate material for bargaining, which ranges from the Colonies up to economic peace, is ample. The first news of this episode came from Russia in the indignant speech of General Verkhovsky. Herr von Kühlmann's "Never" was apparently only a diplomatist's way of marking his annoyance at the rejection of a handsome offer, and a politician's way of fending off domestic criticism. M. Ribot's fall may now open the door, for M. Barthou is in close touch with the Socialists. Russia, of course, must be fully secured and protected. We will have no aggrandizement by Germany at her expense. We urge elsewhere that neutralization is the ideal solution for Alsace.

* * *

THE issues of the war, which seemed to be clearing, are blurred again by a week of confusing incidents. On the sea, in the air, and on land there have been episodes which, dramatic in themselves, are more arresting as portents. What was evidently planned as the greatest of the Zeppelin raids was launched against this country on Friday (October 19th). It was to be carried out by eleven or twelve of the latest type of airships, which were to fly over to England to definite centres, and there, at a great height, shut off their engines and loose their bombs with the utmost deliberation. Their height was to give them immunity from our barrage and aircraft, and that no indication of their whereabouts might be obtained the tell-tale engine sounds were to be stilled. But the whole plan miscarried, despite the grandiose reports of the German Admiralty; and the enemy once more overreached himself without any great assistance from us. The lower atmosphere was hazy, so the searchlights could not penetrate, even if they could have reached as high as the airships were; but the higher air-levels were so cold that the petrol froze in the motors, and the aerial armada, driven by the winds, was sent far out of its course, and found itself in the dawn over France. The airships were scattered. One apparently reached home *via* Holland; but the bulk of the others were discovered by the French wandering about helplessly towards their Eastern and South-Eastern frontiers.

* * *

NATURALLY, they had no chance. Four were brought down, and the bulk of the crew of a fifth was landed, and a car detached to allow the Zeppelin to escape. One of those brought down was destroyed near Luneville, where the Zeppelin descended in 1913, and the crew were burned to death. Another was compelled to descend by French aircraft, and the officers were prevented from destroying the vessel, so that our Ally has a useful addition to her air fleet. The other two were also brought down by the French airmen, but the Germans were able to destroy their vessels. A sixth was reported almost vertical over the Mediterranean; and a seventh and eighth are said to have been last seen in the Rhone Valley. There is, of course, no comparison between the opportunity of our own anti-aircraft defences and that of the French. Daylight makes all the difference. The casualties, fortunately, were small, and the material damage was slight. But of the eighty killed or injured, thirty-seven were in the London area. The Germans lost about double the casualties they caused, and the sufferings of the enemy airmen must have been terrible.

* * *

THE French have once more astonished the world, not indeed by their attack, which had been well adver-

tised by the guns, but by its clear-cut perfection. For at least ten days the German *communiqués*, which are our best guide as to impending operations, have been announcing heavy bombardments along the western section of the Chemin des Dames. There could have been no surprise, then, as to the intentions of General Pétain. In spite of this the French troops went forward with their wonderful dash and precision, and cut a vital section out of the Laon-La Fère *massif*. The action was one of the sort for which the French have become famous. The front of attack was only about six miles and the objectives were local, the chief being Fort Malmaison. But the troops went right over the ridge to the Ailette valley and captured Allemant, Vaudesson, Chavignon, and are now across the Aisne Canal. General Maistre secured over 11,000 prisoners, including 200 officers and 120 guns, with hundreds of mine-throwers and machine-guns. The whole of the Aisne ridge is now in the hands of the French, and with it the observation positions over the immediate foreground. Thus the victory is complete; but it has moral aspects that mark it as unique. There seem to have been three Guard divisions engaged on the German side, and they were sheltered in caves and tunnels driven into the ridge. The French have shown for the twentieth time that they can carry almost any position; but the event is of wider import.

* * *

ONE of the penalties of a war of position is that while it gives certain advantages to the defenders it still calls for men and immobilizes them to a huge extent. It also betrays defenders into holding far too weakly when their resources are not ample, and in the last resort forms the soil of a *débâcle*. The line of the Western front is changing rapidly, and the German tendency is to concentrate men and material on the sector which they imagine most threatened. It is our part to see that such confidence in mere positions is misplaced, and the French are determined to carry out this *rôle*. There is some evidence that the Germans have been destroying material at the sector just assaulted. It is quite possible that the blow may have a strategic importance. It has secured tangible advantages, carrying the outflanking of the Coucy Forest—the main feature of the Laon-La Fère *massif*—a step further, and preparing the way for future successes. Even now Germany's retreat has begun; if it continues it may carry her to the Meuse.

* * *

THE Allies struck once more on Monday in the Ypres sector; but the attack was of a more limited scope than the earlier engagements. The front of the attack was part of that same hollow about Poelcapelle, which we have won only by yards in recent battles. There is little leverage from the ridge here, and it may be doubted whether it would not be wiser to make the capture of this area dependent upon an attack of greater scope. The objectives of Monday's attack are said to have been secured east of Poelcapelle, and the troops captured positions beyond their objectives towards the ridge. On the left of these troops, other British battalions captured the southern defences of Houthulst Forest, and the French soldiers also advanced into the outlying fringes of the forest. The weather had been a little brighter, but many of the men advanced to the attack waist-deep in water and through a dense white mist. Rain fell during the night, and the Germans, counter-attacking through the forest, compelled a slight British withdrawal. Renewed counter-attacks were unsuccessful. The net gain is said to have been about 1,000 yards, and there were 300 prisoners. Much material was found embedded in the mud. Attacks under present conditions seem fated to reap only a small success, for the control of the operations which is the life of such limited offensives inevitably breaks down. Nevertheless, the battle on Monday carries us appreciably nearer the full possession of the ridge, and that has an importance in the development of the Western offensive.

THE Germans have followed up their Riga operations by landing on the mainland, in spite of the resistance of coastal detachments, though at another point the Russians were able to prevent disembarkation. The German plans are still impossible to guess, since the troops seem to be retiring towards Riga. Large captures are claimed in the Riga operations; but the Russians have also issued a report, which compares favorably with the German in the matter of exaggeration, and we trust that our Ally will abandon this sort of emulation. The Russian report claims to have either sunk or put out of action (the translated text reads "sunk") a fair proportion of the German fleet. What is certain is that the squadron which seemed to be cut off in Moon Sound has proved the estimated soundings wrong by escaping through the northern passage into the Baltic. This reflects considerable skill on the Russian Navy, which must have held off the German vessels by mines while escaping under their noses. A British submarine, our only representative, apparently, got home a torpedo on a dreadnought and probably sank a transport. At present, we can no more guess the rôle of these German operations than that of the Austro-German offensive on the Middle Isonzo. Of the latter, we have so far witnessed but the preparatory measures, and it is possible the German operations in the Baltic are so far only the opening moves. But the inspiration of both may be political rather than military.

On Monday, Mr. George launched the new campaign of economy in a speech which cannot be called helpful or cheerful. The best announcement was that of an approaching conference of the Allies. The Prime Minister added that, "scanning the horizon anxiously," he could not see "an enduring peace" in sight, and prophesied that if another war followed this, it would be the end of civilization. "For fifty years," Germany's education, science, industry, politics, diplomacy, and flesh and blood had been solely devoted to destroying and enslaving her neighbors and invading us. But her menace had been foiled by the entry of America and the failure of the submarine campaign. The proof of this was that our monthly loss in tonnage did not now greatly exceed one-third of what it was in April, and that this year the losses of German submarines were already more than double what they were in the whole of 1916. This is thinking in scraps. It would be good news if it stood the comparison between our tonnage in 1917 and in 1916, on the one hand, and the number of German submarines in the same period on the other. Also we were increasing our ship-building. Here, again, the only relevant statement would be that we were increasing it fast enough to make good our losses. Meanwhile, Mr. George called on the country to look out for "Boloism" in all its shapes and forms. If what Lord Northcliffe calls "soap-box oratory" could win the war, the affairs of the Allies would be in a prosperous condition.

GENERAL SMUTS's following speech at Sheffield was an example of close and suggestive thought. Its point was a careful analysis of the end of the war. The "one great dominating war-aim" was the "end of militarism and of standing armies." Germany must "scrap" her war-map to the last inch, recognize that war does not pay, and admit "national principles" at least to the point of autonomy. If we obtained these two objects, it would be enough. We could not be crusaders and fight on till Europe was in decay and we had got rid of the Kaiser and all the other evils. But there could be no premature negotiation, and Germany, who made the war, must also make the first advance to peace.

THE Parliamentary event of the week has been a troubled, and perhaps a momentous, debate on Ireland. Mr. Redmond's opening censure of the high Executive

was obviously meant to save the Government from its officials, and to give the Conference a chance. It is just possible that this has been secured. Mr. Duke's speech was not happy; the situation tries his well-meaning talent too high, and he has failed to keep the Castle in hand. But he clearly hopes something from his resort to the old "judicious mixture" of conciliation and coercion. Apparently some smaller Sinn Féin fish are to be netted, and the larger let through—for the present. Mr. Asquith skilfully backed this policy; Mr. George gave it a cruder edge. He gave one definite and important pledge—that if the Conference came to a "substantial agreement," the Government would embody it in a Bill and "give it immediate effect." *Per contra*, the Government would not tolerate "direct incitement to rebellion," such as de Valera used, or "organization for rebellion," nor would it look at "complete separation." The inference is, we suppose, that it would take a lesser political settlement, such as Dominion Home Rule, should the Conference decide for it. The speech has made Ireland restive; but Sinn Féin must, of course, understand that it cannot be allowed to organize a second rising under German patronage.

THE danger to the hopes of conciliation in Ireland in Sir George Cave's decision to proceed with a scheme of electoral redistribution for Ireland, is sufficiently obvious. It is a breach of an accepted compromise; it proves the power of the Irish Unionists within this Government, exposes the Nationalists to further humiliation, and presupposes the failure of the Convention. We agree, however, with Mr. Dillon that there are other forces at work. The blow to the Irish Convention is also a blow to the Reform Bill. The faction which wishes to destroy the Convention is closely allied to other reactionaries who hate democratic reform in general and the enfranchisement of women in particular. The work of a Boundary Commission in Ireland will probably take many weeks, and even if its plan were drafted before Christmas, what time would remain for the discussion of a detail so contentious, and for the consideration of the Bill in the Lords? The object of the manoeuvre seems clear—to delay reform, and then either to take an election on the old register, or else to substitute some hasty little Bill for the big scheme of reform which is now so nearly completed.

THESE fears are not unreal. The hostile forces are active, and overwhelming as the support for the Bill is in the House and the country, it has at least three opponents in a Cabinet of six. It is not the Cabinet which anyone would choose as a natural instrument for "making democracy secure." While this is true, it wants only a decided word from the more representative forces to put the Reform Bill beyond peril and to remove one superfluous complication from the Irish crisis. A public word from Mr. Asquith and from Mr. Henderson would suffice to disperse the "dark forces." The Bill must go through, and on one condition there will be no trifling; but that condition is that the democratic parties show themselves alert to the danger. We can see no necessity whatever for including Irish Redistribution in this Bill. If the Convention presents an agreed report, the supposed necessity is admittedly disposed of. If, on the other hand, the Convention were to fail, it would not be too late to deal with Irish Redistribution in a short, separate Bill.

WE have been informed by the War Council that the ban on the foreign circulation of THE NATION has been removed. In recording this event, we have to express our thanks to Mr. Pringle for a brilliant defence of the freedom of the Press, to Mr. Churchill for a complete exposure of the Prime Minister's attack on it, and to our contemporaries, which, with few exceptions, condemned the ban, and assisted our successful fight for its removal.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MARCH OF AN IDEA.

THE Government have removed the ban which for six months they have imposed on the export of Liberal opinion abroad. The act is their own. THE NATION neither courted an edict which it did nothing to deserve nor sued for its withdrawal. The journal which has now recovered its freedom is the same in policy and expression as that which was suppressed. Its advocacy of the only conclusion of the war which a man of reason and conscience can contemplate without a shudder has never varied. It began on the first day of the war and will end on the last. There, and not in the trumped-up charge of reflecting on the conduct of our troops, lay, in the opinion of the chief military censor, the offence of THE NATION. It had preached Peace by Negotiation,* or, as we should prefer to say, Peace by Open Conference. That is perfectly true. But negotiation is a means and not an end, and our advocacy of it was as the one available approach to the true goal of Liberal and democratic policy in Europe. What Liberal or democrat could rest in the idea of an interminable and scientifically directed conflict between forces gigantic in their sweep and with a profound interaction on the entire life of the civilized world? The Europe of those two great hegemonies, still locked in desperate fight, perished on the night of August 3rd, 1914. What was to replace it? Only a return to the policy of the Concert, re-embodied, not as a European, but as a world-force. We are now permitted to resume the defence of this policy in the great country which, in becoming our Ally, has never ceased to be its chief patron. We are duly grateful to Mr. George for conceding to THE NATION an equal right of entry into America with "John Bull." But we rejoice chiefly because an embargo has been lifted not merely on a journal, but on the presentment of an idea.

But it is not enough to announce an idea; it is necessary to register its progress. What is the character of the war? Into its central cauldron, with its vast outer rim of massacre, outrage, and desolation, extending hour by hour and from continent to continent, are being poured the best blood, the money, and the producing energy of the leading races of the world. Death by violence and disease threatens them to-day; their statesmen are avowedly engaged in an effort to ward off death by starvation to-morrow. Mr. George, indeed, thoughtfully postpones the final exit of civilization to the resounding epilogue of a future war. There is no need to prophesy the event or to divide it. It is on the slope of accomplishment. Look where he will, says the Prime Minister in his speech in the Albert Hall, he can discover no tender of terms "likely to lead to an enduring peace." Time, he adds, is on the side of the Allies. But for the moment Time is impartially devouring the living and the material stuff of the world—Centralist and Ententist alike. A limit to this destruction there must be, or we perish. But what limit? The five continents are in a universal and profound state of unsettlement, and the argument of force which is being applied to their quarrel is far from a conclusion. So evident is this that the economic and political weapon, the weapon of terrorism, the threat of

bankruptcy, are all brought in to reinforce it. Yet there exists an almost complete cloudiness as to the issue. Daily new hecatombs of devoted youth march to the slaughter. But they march almost in a dream.

Nevertheless, one break in the darkness, one halting-point of the mind, appears in the seeming obscurity and eternity of the war. The nations are still divided on almost every territorial or national issue which it has raised. But they are practically united on the question of their government after it. They are all for the League of Nations. Germany accepts it. Austria is willing to rest her political future on its guarantee, and even to divest herself, in token of good faith, of all material supports.* America was the foster-parent of the idea, as revolutionary Russia is its most ardent convert. France, through the mouth of two of her Prime Ministers, has not only offered the movement her adherence, but agreed to assist her Allies in establishing and promoting it. It is the attitude of this country which has remained in doubt. The Foreign Office has usually treated the idea of a League of Nations with sympathy and respect. Lord Grey was an early sponsor; indeed, it was his diplomatic initiative that brought it to birth. Mr. Asquith has given clear and logical expression to the principles of the League, and it is safe to say that it is the accepted policy of Liberalism and of Labor. But the Prime Minister has ignored it, and Sir Edward Carson has expressly ruled it out of the settlement. Mr. George indeed declared that he had been "scouring the horizon," and that he could see in sight "no terms which would lead to an enduring peace." Where has he looked? He would not look to Stockholm; now he declines to look to Budapest. He had, he said, seen the "best scientific brains in all lands" devoting their energies to destruction. Yes, said Count Czernin, answering him in anticipation, and from that power of scientific anarchy, continually multiplied, there was only one escape, "complete international disarmament," and government "on an international basis—that is, under international control."

What, then, are we to conclude? Count Czernin is no philanthropist at large. He is the Austrian Foreign Minister, and in his speech at Budapest he almost violently associated Germany with his policy of disarmament and arbitration. If then our capital aim is still what Lord Grey declared it to be—namely, security—the enemy has given us a really

* See the following quotations from Count Czernin's speech at Budapest:—

"In order after this war, with unrestricted rivalry in armaments, to be adequately equipped, the nations would have to multiply everything by ten. They would need ten times as many guns, munition factories, ships, and submarines as before, and also incomparably more soldiers to man all this apparatus. The military estimates of all the Great Powers would amount to milliards. That is impossible. With all the burdens which all the belligerent States after the conclusion of peace would have to bear, this expenditure, I repeat, would mean the ruin of nations. To return, however, to the relatively small armaments prior to 1914 would for any one State be entirely impossible, because it would thereby fall so much behind that its military power would not count, and consequently its expenditure would be completely purposeless."

"Out of this difficulty there is only one way—namely, complete international disarmament. Gigantic fleets will have no further purpose when the nations of the world guarantee the freedom of the seas, and land armies would have to be reduced to the level required by the maintenance of internal order. Only on an international basis, that is, under international control, is this possible. Every State will have to give up something of its independence for the purpose of ensuring world peace."

And again:—

"If the international disarmament which we long for from the bottom of our hearts is accepted by our present enemies and becomes a fact, then we need no territorial guarantees."

And:—

"These, gentlemen, are the basic principles of the new world order as they are present to my mind, and they are all founded on all-round disarmament. Even Germany, too, in answer to the Papal Note, has most emphatically professed adherence to the idea of all-round disarmament, and our present opponents also have made these principles at least in part their own. On most points I am of different opinion from Mr. Lloyd George, but on the point that there must never again be a war of revenge we are at one."

* See an authorized interview with the Censor which appeared in the "New York Tribune," declaring that "since December last THE NATION has preached peace by negotiation."

magnificent verbal endorsement of its worth. *He has offered to lay down his arms.* Is that a sincere offer, reducible to a practical diplomatic instrument? If it is, the guarantee of a "secure" Europe is absolute. But in any case, it is not a thing to be ignored, unless the Government are committed to the alternative plan of crushing the Austro-German combination to earth, and decline, and cannot therefore discuss, an offer voluntarily to remove the menace of its excessive military power. That, we imagine, is Sir Edward Carson's view. He declines to weave a League of Nations into the Treaty at all. It may come after, which means that it will never come at all. But here arises the vital point of policy. If the nations arrive at a peace whose triple base is Conciliation, Disarmament, and General Arbitration, the Allies will not only have attained the grand end of the war, but have automatically secured a guarantee against an ultimate defeat of it. Material guarantees, strategic frontiers, and the rest—indeed all territorial changes which do not aim at quieting the most restless and urgent of the national questions—will be unnecessary. So will the always doubtful plan of a forced delivery of German democracy. For a Peace of Disarmament brings a democratic Germany automatically to birth. Prussianism is destroyed on the day when it has no more swollen armaments to feed on. The world will then have the peace it wants.

We can conceive one other reason for ignoring the Austrian offer. We may not have changed our policy. But we may have good reason to doubt whether Austria-Germany has changed hers. There again our conduct must satisfy the test of an enlightened and merciful outlook on the misery of the world. We may be sceptical of the sincerity of Count Czernin's offer, or think that even if Austria has learned her lesson, Germany has not; but we cannot refuse to explore it. If we do, we expose our policy to a criticism and a danger. We are liable to be denounced as the Never-Endians of Europe, and we risk the attachment both of the weaker and of the more moderate members of our alliance. We cannot take a false peace or a weak peace, concluded at the expense of any member of our League of Liberty. But if a war-broken Austria, a war-divided Germany, offers us, in words, the world-order we went to war to create, is not that at least an occasion for a parley? We do not know whether, when we approach this Government, we address a true unit of energy or will. But the world contains a still unexhausted force of Liberalism and of Democracy; and in the day of THE NATION's resumed power to appeal to it abroad, we hope to see it awakened at home.

THE CHALLENGE-CUP OF EUROPE.

An acute writer once said of Alsace that it is "the challenge-cup of Europe." The phrase exactly expresses the part which these unhappy provinces have played in the greater contests of our Continent. They became French when the military power of Louis XIV. was at its zenith. They were violently returned to Germany when the levity of the lesser Napoleon had brought her to humiliation. They remained German under duress, while the prestige of the Prussian war-machine intimidated her neighbors. They will by force become French again only if a world-wide coalition is able, after a war which must threaten civilization itself, to inflict upon their present owners a "knock-out blow." For a solution of that kind no student of national psychology would dare to predict permanence. Germany would say in 1918—or will it be 1920?—what France said in 1871, "neither an inch of her territory nor a stone of her fortresses," and if in spite of that motto necessity compelled her to yield, it would be to nourish the sentiment of revenge, and to arm for the recovery of "the challenge cup." The statesmen of France and Britain may set their teeth, and insist on resting the fate of Alsace on a trial of strength. In their hearts they must know, what the rest of us see clearly, that a solution by military

victory alone would last no longer than our present coalition, and while it lasted, it would forbid the creation of that true "partnership of nations" for which Mr. Asquith has bid us work. No permanent Concert of Europe was possible in the long epoch of the armed peace that stretched from 1871 to 1914, for France would never consent to forget her lost sons, and Germany lacked the statesmanship to end the feud. The same obstacle, with the parts reversed, would prevent the creation of a true League of Nations. Our public opinion was not in England alert or far-seeing in 1871. Most of our Press, including the "Times" and the "Daily News," took the view that Louis Napoleon was the aggressor, that "conquest" gave the Germans (as the Duke of Argyll put it) "a right to annex," and that the German speech and origin of the Alsatians was a good reason for undoing the earlier conquest of the Grand Monarch. Gladstone, almost alone, saw the real basis of the question, not in the rights of France to the property of the soil, but in "the attachment of their people" to France. He, almost alone, predicted that in spite of "the deep culpability of France," this "violent laceration is to be the beginning of a new series of European complications." Once more the sense of the "deep culpability," this time of the other partner to the unending feud, blinds our Press to the future risks of a solution by laceration. Our boundless sympathy and admiration for the wonderful nation who puts forward this historic claim of property in the soil of Alsace obscures for us the dangers of the future. Those dangers would threaten us all, but they would menace chiefly the country whose interests we would serve.

There is no hope in any routine solution of this question. The alternate process of annexing and dis-annexing may go on for ever, so long as the appeal is to force alone. The history of these provinces is too complicated, and its population too mixed to admit of any clean solution by violence. We do not believe that the sympathy of the mass of the population of Alsace-Lorraine for France and French culture is appreciably weaker to-day than it was in 1871. But there are complexities enough to keep the strife alive. An immigrant German population has settled in the country. Much of it is now in the second generation. A percentage of it has intermarried with the old stock—12½ per cent. of all the marriages year by year are said to be "mixed." Some of these immigrants would remain, a restless disaffected element; others would carry their grievance back to the Fatherland. Capital, also, has immigrated, in vast quantities, especially to the iron-fields along the frontier. Whether it remained or were expropriated, it, too, would be an element of disturbance. Language is a difficulty to-day, because the middle-class prefers to use French. It would be a difficulty to-morrow, because the working-class, for the most part, knows little French. Worst of all, perhaps, is the fact that the provinces have acquired, or rather revived, a strong local patriotism. They enjoyed only a shadow of autonomy up to 1911, and an imperfect and unequal status thereafter, but they have been welded by endurance into a solid community, with a very marked and very original national psychology. Complete autonomy, if possible with a republican constitution, had become for them a seemingly attainable ideal. The transition to French centralization would be abrupt, and their nationalism might not be content with such satisfaction as it could find in the local self-government of three French Departments. There is no rest to-day, because the Prussian hand is heavy, its militarism hateful, its spirit alien, and its intolerance of the French language a perpetual provocation. A new set of problems would emerge when "dis-annexation" was carried out. They would be just acute enough to keep the question alive. German memories are as tenacious as French, and the passion of "revenge" needs little stimulus, when there is pride behind it.

There lies in these insuperable difficulties the possibility of a new departure. It is that this region, which has been for centuries the gate of mutual invasion and the pledge of momentary victory, should at length live

for itself. The solution of a neutralized and independent Alsace has floated in men's minds since the days of Gladstone. There was even a moment when Bismarck consented to discuss it with Crispien. It would end the feud. It would leave neither party with the unsatisfied longing for revenge. It would set a buffer between the two combatants, and this bi-lingual people might at last perform its natural office, in helping to reconcile and interpret the two races to each other. The Francophil emigrants might return. The German immigrants need not depart. The deep, local patriotism of the Alsations would find its full scope. The desperate economic difficulty need not arise, for a neutral Alsace could welcome both German and French capital, could traffic freely in iron and coal, and must have access to both her neighbors' markets. Her reluctant conscripts would serve no longer in an alien army against kinsmen. So much men saw before this war. We would urge a new reason in favor of this solution. A neutral Alsace created out of these elements of strife, under an international guarantee, in which America, we are convinced, would join, would be the corner-stone of a new Europe. Our proposal would be, not merely to ensure the inviolability of this territory by common agreement, but to make it, as it were, the federal territory of a League of Nations. We would suggest that Strasburg, with its ancient grace and picturesqueness, its cathedral raised by French builders with German stone, its university where Goethe studied, and its memories of the Thirty Years War and 1870, should become the capital of our League of Peace. Here the Court and Council of the League should sit, a perpetual reminder that the way of conciliation had been found in the haunts of war. We would take as the seat and social centre of our future international life the very city which has suffered most grievously from the excess of national pride. It is central and accessible. It is bi-lingual. Its atmosphere would make for the fusion and interpenetration of hostile cultures.

There is one condition which must not be omitted in any proposal for a settlement of the Alsatian Question on lines of neutrality and independence: it is that its inhabitants as a whole desire it. Whether by referendum or by a free vote of their Diet, freshly elected in normal conditions, the views of the people must be ascertained. We do not know whether a decisive majority could be obtained from a vote of the present inhabitants of Alsace for either a purely French solution. The doubt on this point is probably the reason why the French insist, if they are ready to admit a *plébiscite* at all, that all the *émigrés* and their descendants should vote, and also that the immigrants should be disqualified. We who fought a war for the voting rights of Villanders would have a difficulty in backing that claim. To the expedient of neutralization, on the other hand, if it involved no economic disturbance, it is likely that the great mass of the population would rally, and for both of the extreme factions it would be a very welcome second choice, which would leave no irreconcilable minority. On this solution alone Germany and France could meet without the certainty of future strife. If we contemplate this plan, however, on one point we must be clear from the start. It must be propounded as part of a peace of reconciliation. The ceding of the territory would not mean for Germany any economic loss, nor would it mean an accession of man-power to her military rival. There would be, none the less, a sentimental wrench, and this must be balanced by the whole character of the settlement. If we ask of her that she shall give Alsace to become the capital and federal territory of a League of Nations, we must shape that League to assure her future livelihood as well as ours. It must promise her "economic peace," and it must allow her a reasonable development in the Colonial sphere. On these terms her contribution to it would involve no loss. To lose the nightmare of the "revanche" would be for her, as it would also be for France, the greatest of gains. Her assent to this proposal would turn her from an outlaw among the nations into an architect of their concord. Let her give the corner-stone.

THE IMPOSSIBLE CHANCELLOR.

On October 11th the German Reichstag adjourned for two months. It will not meet again until December 5th. What will happen during those two months, what surprises the meeting of the Reichstag will bring we will not venture exactly to prophesy. But this may be said with emphasis. Never has a German Government been more utterly discredited by a week's encounter with the Reichstag than the inglorious Michaelis-Helfferich-von Kühlmann-von Capelle combination. The question is not whether it should be changed—it has no supporters—but what could succeed it. Michaelis himself was, as it were, ferreted out of the cellar. The Kaiser, wisely enough, passed over Tirpitz and Bülow for the comparatively unknown Prussian official. If the unscrupulous pan-German and the unscrupulous diplomat were impossible in July, they are ten times more impossible now. Von Kühlmann, perhaps, is left. He is certainly the only person who has strengthened his position with the Reichstag, and he is, in a sense, the only member of the German Government (to use an English phrase loosely) who exists politically after the recent *débâcle*. But in his desire to strengthen himself towards the Right at home he has let slip the fatal word "Never" about Alsace-Lorraine. He may be possible in Germany, but there is more than a chance that he has made himself impossible abroad.

And thus, owing to the God-given folly of German statesmanship, an atmosphere of political insecurity, of gathering crisis, of almost universal distrust, has been created in Germany, without the long-desired peace having been brought nearer by a day. Germany stands with the world exactly where she stood on the eve of the overthrow of Bethmann. And yet another crisis has been made inevitable, and made inevitable in such a way that nothing will have been gained by it when it does come. If ever there was an opportunity for the Entente to take a great political offensive, it is now. Never was the inter-Allied Conference, so often promised and so long delayed, more urgently necessary. If some reasonable agreement for peace could be reached among the Allies now, and its minimum terms set forth in the language of Liberal statesmanship (not of hyper-Cleonic demagoguery) by a man who commands respect, it might well be the sound of the seventh trumpet at which the walls of Jericho would fall.

Let us look back for a moment, now that the real history of events is before us, upon the history of this last encounter between the Reichstag and the Government. Ever since the Reichstag passed its peace resolution, and it appeared that, in spite of Michaelis's brave words, it would only be a matter of time, although of most valuable time, before the resolution was forced without reserve upon the Government, the pan-Germans and the other Jingoës had been systematically organizing a campaign against the "starvation peace majority," with the object of intimidating the Government. Tirpitz (now definitely having made up his mind that he was not in the running for the Chancellorship) placed himself at the head of the "Vaterlandspartei" in company with the enormous and undistinguished Duke Johann Albrecht (characteristically) of Mecklenburg. The "Vaterlandspartei" was non-party to exactly the same degree as our own less portentous National Party. Drums were beaten; Hindenburg sent a telegram, for which in England even now any general, no matter how distinguished, would be instantly put on half-pay; and wherever Prussian Junkerdom could bring its influence to bear, that is to a greater or less degree throughout the Army, the Navy, and the bureaucracy, pressure, silent or outspoken, was applied by superior upon subordinate to induce him to join the new "party." Here was the test case ready for the Reichstag to work upon. If there was to be any candor at all in German policy, and the acceptance of the Reichstag resolution to be anything more than a rubbishy phrase, the Government had to be forced to declare against these pillars of its power. Accordingly, on October 5th, the Socialists introduced their interpellations. For their pains they received not merely unsatisfactory but frankly insulting answers from the

Prussian Minister of War, von Stein, and Helfferich (who certainly must be about the most unpopular man in Germany). The Majority Socialists had brought forward a mass of circumstantial evidence of the anti-Reichstag propaganda in the Army; yet von Stein spoke insolently of two or three trumped-up cases. Helfferich made on behalf of the Chancellor quite meaningless declarations of the impartiality of the Government, and finally said that if the Reichstag did not trust the Chancellor and the High Command, there was no use in his talking to it! The Majority consulted together. Evidently the non-Socialist section of it was anxious not to force matters to an open breach. The Supplementary Estimates were referred back to the Main Committee to give the Chancellor an opportunity to explain in person with the threat of a rejected Money Bill hanging over him. He did explain. He made declaration after declaration, until when he had finally promised that all politics would be kept out of the organized instruction in the Army, and had admitted that very many abuses had taken place which he promised to remedy, the bourgeois Majority parties voted for the Estimates, including the allocation for Helfferich's new post.

After this critical interlude the debate on the interpellation was resumed. Dittmann, an Independent Socialist, pointed out with vigor that the Chancellor's principle of "objectivity" towards all parties was the merest fairy tale. Sailors had been given 200 years' penal servitude in all for having Independent Socialist literature. *Quem deus perdere vult*. . . . The Chancellor rose and asserted that the Independent Socialists were beyond the pale of "objectivity." They plotted against the Empire, and were, therefore, rightly to be denied all equality of treatment; von Capelle would, he said, supply the particulars. Then, with the obvious intention of dividing the majority *bloc* against the Socialists as in the good old days, he defended the Reichstag resolution against those who attacked it, and explained how, when it was interpreted in "a positive sense," it admitted an excellently German peace. Exactly what the Chancellor said we do not know. His speech was suppressed by the German Wireless, and a comparatively harmless edition circulated. Von Capelle followed. There had been a plan to induce all the crews to refuse to obey orders, cripple the fleet, and enforce peace. The ringleaders had concerted their plans in the Reichstag itself with three Independent Socialist leaders, Haase, Vogtherr, and Dittmann, who had advised them to go carefully but had supplied them with seditious literature to help them in the work. All this, he said, was established as documentary evidence. The Majority Socialist, David, pointed out that even if it were all true, that was no excuse for excommunicating a party. If any of its members had offended against the law, they could be prosecuted. Then Haase replied. Let von Capelle bring forward proofs. But, of course, he would not be able to, because there were none. It was the old game, which Haase had prophesied at the fateful Socialist meeting of August 4th, 1914:—

"The gentlemen think that there is nothing else for them to do now but to wave the red rag in order to weld the other parties together in a firm block to support the disastrous policy of the Government which has brought Germany to ruin."

The sailors had told him nothing of their plan, if indeed they ever had such a plan, and the "material" with which Independent Socialists had supplied them was nothing more than the ordinary Independent literature permitted by the Censor.

Then Naumann, the Progressive, of Mittel-Europa fame, made a remarkable speech. It was, he said, utterly lamentable that the Government should have tried to make a political weapon out of a suspicious incident, suspicious chiefly for itself. If von Capelle has told the truth, the three deputies had committed a crime; but since no legal charge had been brought against them, it was quite clear that the facts were not as von Capelle had made them out to be. And even if they had been true, how could the Government dare to brand a whole party whose voting strength no one knew? In time of war this was a moral impossibility. The Government

had no sense of the feeling of the people; it had shown it in its treatment of the Socialist interpellation, and when that had been smoothed over, it had revealed its incapacity again. Ever since 1914 there had been two governments, a Tirpitz government and a Bethmann government. Tirpitz had always championed the unlimited submarine war; and, although he now denied that he had ever said that it would end the war in six months, he had allowed other people to assert that he said it without contradicting them. And thus he supplied the support for those who demanded the submarine war.

"When this was decided, all of us who regarded, and still regard it as extraordinarily dangerous for the German Fatherland, kept silence. After it had been officially begun, it was our patriotic duty to desire that this means, in addition to its most serious bye-products, should achieve its main effect."

But when the Government, the Reichstag, and the Higher Command agreed on the peace resolution, Tirpitz and his crew did nothing of the kind. They were not silent.

"If the former Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, of whom many in this House are still thinking (A storm of applause on the Left), once said that the German people wanted to march at the head of the world with the idea of peace, we desire that this should remain so. There are many who do not want to join us in this. That is their private affair. But when they put this forward as the opinion of the whole, they do a wrong which we cannot tolerate."

The ovation with which the reference to Bethmann was received affords the key to the whole debate, of which the above gives a perforce inadequate impression. The Michaelis Government is bankrupt within two months. Perhaps no Chancellor could have ridden the two horses more than once round the ring. But Michaelis has shown that he possesses no single one of the qualities which might make an intolerable position outwardly tolerable even for a while. Every day with the Reichstag has brought with it a capital blunder. When the Reichstag meets again it will demand of him some tangible results of Kühlmann's "tactics," and some guarantee that the Prussian franchise has really been taken in hand? To these questions he will have no reply, and he will meet them, if not in the two months of discontented suspense before then, the "bad end" that "Vorwärts" prophesied, and Germany will look in vain for that which, by her own rottenness, she cannot supply—a Chancellor who will dare to break with the Right.

TIME THE NEUTRAL.

ONE of the most persistent and dangerous illusions of the early part of the war is once more beginning to win a certain favor. "Time is on our side," we used to say, and the consideration had the effect of absolving us from the necessity of looking and thinking ahead. The most recent exponent of this illusion is the Prime Minister, who, on Monday, stated that the accession of the United States of America to the Allied cause has changed time "from being a dangerous and doubtful neutral, rather disposed to favor Germany," into our friend. That is a light utterance at this period of the war. For nearly forty months the greater part of the civilized world has not only ceased to produce, but has been given over to wholesale destruction of life, of the necessities of human life, of the most valuable commodities and of the framework of human intercourse. In such circumstances, time is against everyone, and it can only be considered as more favorable to us if we are using every endeavor to turn it to advantage. Indeed, the Allies would be not only their own enemy, but the enemy of the world, if they were not straining intellect and will to devise and employ the best means to end the war at the earliest moment. We are entering upon the season which will impose a comparative truce upon the Armies in the main fighting areas, and we are being exhorted to regard the resumption of major operations hopefully in view of the

immense reinforcement which America has brought to our cause. But in order that we may take comfort in that consideration, it is necessary to consider the implications of the appearance of a vast American Army on the Western Front.

It is obvious that an American army of sufficient size to secure any decisive effect requires the employment of a great amount of tonnage. If we put the American Army at anything like a million, we must visualize the use of a formidable fleet of shipping for the transport of the men alone. There is not only the number of ships required for their transport to be considered, we must also allow for the time which it will take to convey them from America to the Western front. And when we have made arrangements for the allocation of enough vessels to transport this body of men across 3,000 miles of water, we have then to find the tonnage for its guns, shell, railway stock, aeroplanes, horse, and for the continuous supply of food to the Army. In effect, any army transported to the Western front will add to the Allied populations who have to be supported by America's aid. It is inevitable, therefore, that the effective force of any American Army transported across the seas will be, to some extent, counter-balanced by the drain it makes upon the world's transport. The submarine campaign has not been defeated; it has only been limited. It is still making serious inroads on the world's available shipping, and the losses are not yet made good by building. Even if they were, the transport of an American Army across the Atlantic would produce a serious strain upon the world's shipping. As they are not, the position might conceivably arise when the net effect of America's help in the field would not be sufficient to turn the scale. It might even add little more to our effective force than it subtracted by the transport it used. The real effect of the submarine campaign will probably not make itself felt in this country until the late spring. So far the submarines have caused us very little inconvenience. But whether they are to impose any appreciable restriction on the Allies' military effort depends upon how we utilize the next six months. It is impossible to think that nations which have made such revolutionary changes in their whole mode of existence should not be able to grapple with this problem of shipping. That it is urgent no one conversant with the facts will deny. That it is capable of solution is proved by our own method of dealing with the munition supplies. But we cannot help wondering whether the Government is really grappling with the problem or whether it is merely drifting. The amount of shipping involved is so great that at first sight we might well be dismayed. Lord Northcliffe recently quoted Sir Joseph Maclay as saying that "unless the United States faces the shipping problem and constructs 6,000,000 tons of shipping annually the military efforts of the United States will be crippled from the start." There can be no doubt that Sir Joseph Maclay was merely stating the amount of construction necessary from America if the Allies are to add seriously to their strength in the field from the accession of America to our cause. Presumably, there are many ways by which the available shipping may still be economized; but the outstanding and imperative need is for a far more ambitious programme of construction. And we must not allow ourselves to be deluded by the very tolerable conditions under which we still live. America will need the shipping just when our own need becomes critical. We can certainly have the necessary shipping and defeat the submarine if we concentrate our attention on the crucial problem of the hour.

But even if by prudent foresight we defeat the submarine campaign and free ourselves from the restrictions it might impose upon our military effort, we have still to deal with the question of the best use to make of our resources. We have conquered the problem of the sea, let us say. We have still to solve the problem of the air. The recent air-raids on this country have concentrated attention on the possibilities of the new arm. Yet they have caused little damage, and, on the whole, had little bearing on civilian *moral*. They merely outlined the scope of aerial activity. Far greater destruc-

tion has been effected by the Allied aeroplanes; and the recent raids upon Dunkirk, according to the French report, caused considerable damage. At present, we have only hints of what the aeroplanes can do. Some of their exploits are so amazing that, if we could imagine a logical development on the same lines, warfare might be revolutionized. During some of the recent battles on the Ypres Front our machines have dived through the mist and caused great havoc by the play of their machine-guns from a height of 100 feet. On one occasion alone 30,000 rounds were fired. We have the admission of German military critics as to the damage inflicted upon railways, roads, ammunition centres, and artillery by the Allied airmen.

We have in the air, then, another grave problem, and we may find in its solution the possibility of a swifter victory than any that is to be obtained by orthodox methods of warfare. General von Bernhardt repeatedly emphasizes the need for developing one, preferably a novel, line of armament. The United States have laid down a great programme of aeroplane construction, but it is necessary for us to realize that Germany is also straining her efforts to forestall an Allied aerial offensive. We may be sure that her most ingenious minds are at work on the problem of aerial fighting. The Allies are bound to give at least as much forethought to the arm which may decide the war. Every student of the war knows that there have been moments when a division or so of men could have turned the day if they had been thrown into the struggle at an advantageous point. On one or two occasions cavalry have been used in these moments of wavering; but the reply to cavalry is too easy. General von Arnim noted in the Battle of the Somme that our airmen's tactics in flying low were difficult to counteract. There is a vast field of development suggested by this pregnant fact. The whole problem of aerial warfare requires careful handling. We must see that the supplies of aeroplanes of the various types are accelerated as much as possible. But, at the same time that we provide the machine, we must bend our efforts to discover the best use of it. Time is not an ally; it is a neutral, and it will be better for us to regard it as a treacherous neutral. Only if we are shaping every moment to the crucial problems represented by the sea and the air can we even regard it as a benevolent neutral.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE French incident is disturbing, but it is something of a portent, and it is by no means bad. It is good that M. Painlevé remains; he is absolutely honest, definitely and widely accomplished, and, I should say, unspoiled by the falser lures of politics. And it is good that M. Ribot, fine as he is, should go. He was much too rigid, too set of mind and personality and speech. He made a great mistake about Stockholm, and helped to draw us into his error. And it seemed hardly fair of him to identify M. Briand with a tender, or an advance or a suggestion, the value of which M. Ribot himself set at a low figure. Indeed, he dismissed it as a "whisper"—and was himself promptly dismissed. Was it then so negligible? The fate which at once overtook M. Ribot does not suggest that it was. Its source is variously stated; but not its origin in a German agent. Its terms are sufficiently far removed from von Kühlmann's "Never" to justify some scepticism as to their seriousness. But M. Briand seemed to believe in them, and there are few politicians cleverer than he. At all events, French policy now seems to rest in the hands of three men, Painlevé, Briand, Thomas. None are intransigent. And all of them



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must lean by character and antecedents more definitely to the Left; that is to say, to the moderate strain in French opinion, than to the Right Centre.

BUT is there no corresponding movement of moderation in this country? I think there is. If Liberalism would only declare itself, its mind would be seen to be quite clear on two points which bear directly on the settlement. The first is the League of Nations, conceived as a part of the Treaty of Peace, indeed, as its heart, and not as matter for further debate afterwards when all Europe will be refurbishing up its murder-outfit for a second war. The second is the absolute repudiation of a trade war. The Paris resolutions are dead as mutton. Does even the Government wish to revive them? I doubt it. The Protectionist party exists, but its more reasonable members would be content with such semi-political, semi-economic plans as nursing an "infant" industry or two, like aniline dyes, which we could not leave to the Germans. But when we are really out of the war we may hope to see enough sense left in the country to stop us from burning our fingers (or our whole body) in stoking up another.

THERE is, I think, a little disappointment that the revised constitution of the Labor Party is not a broader one. The trade-union basis remains; and that is precisely what those who hoped much from a new democratic movement wished to see modified. They would have liked to see the old title, "Labor Party," dropped, and the many-colored flag of democracy frankly unfurled. They would have preferred an individual membership, resting on the constituencies—that is to say, on citizenship and voting power, rather than on membership of a trade union. No doubt trade unionism offers a fairly wide gate of entry to the new party. But I doubt whether, unless it is made wider still, the "intellectuals," or the women, or the soldiers, will flock to it. Many would have liked to see a definite standard raised, such as Socialism, or a joint appeal to Radicalism and Socialism; or, best of all, an invitation to all believers in a democratic order to come in under a constitution free from the binding force of the "card vote." The trade-union movement itself is in solution, and its balance of power is already beginning to shift. This is hardly the moment for giving it the controlling force in a new political movement.

So the Prime Minister of England, groping for a watchword in Carmelite Street, has picked up Boloism, and waves the shining emblem aloft. "Look out for Boloism," he tells us, "in all its shapes and forms." I should have thought that he might have done better, and that a man of delicacy would prefer to "look" the other way, for "Boloism" must be an unpleasant thing to see. But if we must have a Bolo hunt, the Prime Minister leading on, perhaps we had better follow the scent which the Germans have given us. I do not think our politics are corrupt. Till the spacious times when every man became an official, I can only recall one incident in my knowledge of them in which it was even alleged that they were. But if Bolo ever comes to London, I suppose he will direct his artillery to the quarter of journalism at which he aimed it in Paris. That was the Jingo papers. If he does, I am sure he will waste it. All the gold in Potsdam would not induce them to play the German game, if they knew it. Therefore, I imagine, the crafty Prussian strategy will still be devoted to concealing from them what the German game is.

BUT seriously. Mr. Lloyd George is in a great position. He is a director of a vast and terrible enterprise, which every word he utters may affect for good or for evil. Does he think "Boloism" is a good word? It reaches the popular ear repeated through the megaphone of the "stunt" Press that first gave it out to him, and now summons the imps of anger, suspicion, the spymania, to speed it as it flies. "What of words," say

the ignorant, "when it is deeds that matter!" A sad delusion. It is no exaggeration to say that the future of the world depends on the way it is addressed in the next few months by the men whose fearful privilege it is to speak for it. Ruin or deliverance hangs upon words spoken too soon or too late, on the emphasis of words, above all, on the truth or the falseness of words, and the depth or the shallowness of feeling out of which they rise. Mr. George is an artist in them none the less because his "effects" are usually simple ones. But Boloism!

MEANWHILE, as a modest contribution to the cult of Boloism, let me present to the Prime Minister a famous prescription for it, compounded, in times somewhat similar to these, by the practised hand of Dr. Jonathan Swift. Here it is:—

"I told him, that should I happen to live in a Kingdom where Plots and Conspiracies were either in vogue from the turbulency of the meaner People, or could be turned to the use and service of the higher Rank of them, I first would take care to cherish and encourage the breed of Discoverers, Witnesses, Informers, Accusers, Prosecutors, Evidences, Swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern Instruments; and when I had got a competent Number of them of all sorts and Capacities, I would put them under the Color and conduct of some dextrous Persons in sufficient power both to protect and reward them. Men thus qualified and thus empowered might make a most excellent use and advantage of Plots, they might raise their own Characters and pass for most profound Politicians, they might restore new Vigor to a crazy Administration, they might stifle or divert general Discontents; fill their pockets with Forfeitures, and advance or sink the Opinion of Publick Credit, as either might answer their private Advantage."

THIS is the doctrine of "Boloism"; in the Masque of Comus to which the government of England is coming, I should like to give an example of its practice. The other day a number of women suffragists arranged a friendly meeting of welcome and congratulation in honor of Mr. Nevins's and Mr. Lansbury's recovery from dangerous illnesses. Everyone who knows anything of the suffrage movement knows what it owes to these two men, especially to Mr. Nevins. But while Mr. Nevins is a famous man of war, Mr. Lansbury happens to be a man of peace. Instantly the "Morning Post" and the "Express"—at whose instance?—suggest that the meeting is an insult to the Army, and take successful steps to intimidate the trustees of the place where it was to be held. Thus mob law, directed by a mob Press, tramples on liberty. No cause is secure from it, even when absolutely disconnected from the war, and as safe and as popular as is Woman Suffrage. I say nothing of the "Express," but the "Post" was once quite a respectable paper, doing a world of good in "toning-up" the servant's hall, and I can recall a brief interval when it might have passed for an intelligent one. Therefore I grieve to see it descend to a kind of journalism compared with which the "Rowdy Journal" would rank as the "Gentleman's Magazine."

I SHOULD not like to say that the country is disappointed about the Navy. But I think it has come to a rather chilled reflection on the events of the Baltic and the North Seas. Admiral Henderson is a competent critic, and his article in the "Mail" reflects a fairly general view that the Navy would have done better had it entered the war with a thought-out plan of offensive war, and an Admiralty so arranged as to keep it going. Our governors would have it so. We had one sailor of genius, apt at such an offensive and burning to conduct it. He was laid on the shelf. Genius not being as plentiful as blackberries, his like has not as yet been discovered. The Navy has done wonders. But the pressure of a numerically inferior force, acting on an opposite theory of war, has been felt.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE LABORATORY OF WAR-TRUTH: 1920.

IN one of my early voyages of discovery amid the warrens of the war-bureaucracy I came upon Paston, whom I had left some years ago at Oxford, a young philosophy don, one of the brightest and most enthusiastic exponents of the Pragmatist gospel. He explained to me that he had chuckled the 'Varsity, and was engaged in war-work. Seeing me smile and guessing the cause (for Paston had been President of the Norman Angell Club), he thought some explanation was desirable, and urged me to come into his "hut" and have a talk. I gladly accepted the invitation, for I was interested to learn what line of war-work could have attracted Paston.

Pretending to be surprised at my surprise, he spun out a quite convincing story. "Why, the war brought me the chance of a hundred life-times. I might have spent all the remainder of my days grinding out futile plausibilities in that fusty old place without ever discovering the glorious significance of Pragmatism, if it hadn't been for the war." "But what," I interjected, "can the war have to do with Pragmatism?" "Why, just everything," he replied. "Of course, I remember, you didn't take 'Greats,' but you must have gathered in a general way what Pragmatism means." "Why, yes," I replied, "I gathered that you Pragmatists held that the actual world of experience was a sort of jelly on which a man stamped his own meaning and personal purposes, and that the truth of any statement depended on whether 'it worked.'" "Yes," he broke in, "you've got the guts of the idea quite right. Truth is what works. But works for what? The one weak spot in pre-war Pragmatism was its failure to give a really convincing answer to this question. With a sudden flash of illumination, war, the intensest of all human purposes, brought the needed answer. Truth is what helps to win the war. Directly I realized the supreme significance of this judgment, I saw also how famously it fitted on to that political philosophy of State Absolutism, which came to us from Hobbes, not from the charlatan Hegel, as the men of Balliol so falsely taught. I had discovered what Pragmatism was really 'for.' I felt myself a man with a mission, and immediately offered to put at the disposal of the Government a general scheme for the production and distribution of war-truth, substituting a really scientific method for the clumsy empiricism of their censorship and war-news department."

"Well, I gather that they took you on, though I must say the project seems on first view to have an uncommonly German look. They have made you manager of a sort of Wahrheits-Fabrik, I suppose from the large-lettered inscription over your door, 'Psychological Laboratory for the Preparation of War-Truth.' I must confess that your whole conception of war-truth is a little disturbing to an old-fashioned fogey like myself."

"Well," Paston spoke a little warmly, "we are all put upon war-bread, why not upon war-truth? If you reflect, you will realize that the analogue is just and even necessary. As Emerson so beautifully expresses it, 'The laws above are sisters of the laws below.' It is, indeed, this philosophic harmony that gives validity to all our spiritual war-processes. This you would better understand, if I explain the fuller military service of which I am only a divisional commander."

"Well, go ahead," I replied, "it's all new to me, and I want to understand."

And then he launched into the whole story of the Conscription of Mind. "Though quite early in the conflict we had pretended to regard it as a War of Ideas, it took several years before we were really prepared as a nation to mobilize upon this basis. We didn't see at first that in a War of Ideas the State must have complete control over the intellectual and moral resources of the nation. So for some years we went fumbling on with departmental Censorships, continually overlapping or tripping one another up, and allowing all sorts of

damaging talk and writing to go on because of foolish distinctions made in Parliament between suppression of news and suppression of opinion. A Pragmatist would have pointed out at once, of course, the utter absurdity of the distinction, as if there were any fact apart from its presentation, and as if all presentation did not involve the personal equation of opinion. However, they went on some time suppressing and doctoring what they called 'news,' and merely conniving at mob-violence for the suppression of inconvenient opinions.

"This loose sham-voluntarism lasted for several years before it was recognized how essential a war service it was to drill the whole intellectual and spiritual forces of the nation into complete harmony with the supreme purpose of a State at war. A joint conference of the leaders of the Churches, the Universities, and the Press, was the instrument by which the War Council was at last induced to sanction a complete scheme of intellectual conscription, the natural concomitant of military and industrial conscription, in that it placed the minds as well as the body of all persons under military discipline. Of course, in an informal sort of way, a good deal had already been done in our schools, universities, and churches to bring them into line with the purposes of a patriotic culture and a genuinely British Christianity. But much remained to be done, and I am vain enough to think that in the work Pragmatism has proved of inestimable value, by supplying the really fundamental conception without which even the most bellicose of Deans or the most abject Master of a College would have spent his patriotic effort to little purpose."

"And, pray, what is that conception?" I asked, perceiving that Paston was still laboring with undischarged information.

"Well," he went on, "it is the simple notion that truth is a raw material, infinitely malleable and adaptable to purposes of State. Once grasp that notion, and the full potentialities of our Psychological Laboratory will become quite clear. We begin by accepting the familiar distinction, true for me, false for you. This idea of the relativity and adaptability of knowledge is then generalized and applied in the processes of our laboratory, for producing out of the same raw material the separate truths which war requires for the home consumer, the Ally, the neutral, and the enemy. The crude fact is the same for all; everything depends upon the treatment."

"You would be surprised to learn how quickly it becomes a matter of laboratory routine. Here is the 'stuff' and there the recipient mind upon which a given war-impression is to be made. Given the analysis of the recipient, it becomes merely a question of preparing and applying the requisite Alloy." "Alloy!" I exclaimed. "Do you really mean that you deliberately falsify the facts?" "Not at all," he replied a little warmly, "you do injustice to the delicacy of our art. It is our duty to compose the sort of news which it is good for the respective parties to receive, and to mould the sentiments and opinions it is good for them to hold. And then, when our expert taster says that we have got it just right, it is pumped into the news agencies and the other publicity machines."

"But this," I interjected, "surely goes beyond all accepted usages of censorship even in war-time." "Censorship!" exclaimed Paston, "We have long discarded this foolish term, and the false stress it laid upon the inferior art of mere suppression. That work, of course, still has to be done. The public mind must not be allowed to be confused or depressed by information which, however accurate and even interesting, is not nutritious. The same applies to all sorts of opinion and discussion. You would be interested, in fact, though possibly a little shocked, by the elaboration of our Index."

"You mean," I said, "Pacifist and pro-German literature, and that sort of thing?" "Well, no," he said, "I wasn't thinking of such obvious prohibitions. We have found it necessary to strike deeper at the roots of intellectual licentiousness. You will find on our forbidden list, therefore, such well-known but mischievous works as Milton's 'Areopagitica,' Locke's essay on 'Toleration,' and Mill's 'Liberty.' Indeed, one of the

members of our Board, the Dean of Brabourne, was anxious to proscribe the unexpurgated version of the New Testament, a good many copies of which are said still to be about. But the really important work in the department, as I have already intimated, falls to the Board of Intellectual Inventions. It is here that what I called the Alloys are prepared. The head of the office, my right-hand man, is a really tophole creative artist. You may, perhaps, remember him—Young Peters of Magdalen—who used to send in little sketches to the 'Pink 'Un.' After that he drifted on to the 'Daily Mail,' where he made excellent practice for several years. In fact, Lord N., who is Head of our Advisory Committee, put him into this job. He is a perfect genius. Such a light hand for the pastry, and quite a miracle for sauces!"

"Aren't you," said I, "getting a little mixed in your metaphors? Just now it was alloys and chemistry, and now you seem to turn to cookery." "Well, never mind," Paston rejoined, "chemistry or cookery; it's all one. The latter term reminds me that in the Board of Inventions we have an admirably staffed sub-department for the production of statistics. A certain section of the public, you see, is always avid of exact measured information, and we have a clever little group of trained men from the School of Economics to give them what they want. But I have dared to reserve for myself the most delicate and interesting of all the jobs."

"And what," I said, "may that be?" "Why the manufacture of the Myth. Ah, I forgot; the vogue of Sorel and the Syndicalist idea came just after your time. Well, to put it simply, the Myth is the mightiest of all inventions, the brazen image of a great spiritual achievement which will fire all men with enthusiasm and stimulate their utmost effort." "Yes," I said, "I think I understand; something big and false to buck them up." "Well, not exactly," Paston replied, "the Myth cannot possibly be untrue, because you see 'it works.' Indeed, it is supremely true."

"Well," I said, "and what is your particular Myth?" "It is the mirage of a world Democracy rising instant from the fumes of the blood-soaked battlefield. Whenever the vision gets a little dim, which happens sometimes as the war drags on, I get some great phrase-maker of our statesmen to put in a few new bright touches, or sometimes a vigorous journalist will lend a hand. In one way or another, we have managed so far to keep the fine old Myth in excellent repair. You have no notion what a lot of war-spirit it can be made to yield. When occasionally things look very black, I set to work myself and put some new allurements into the substance of the Myth."

"But I don't want to run on talking about my own special job when there are others doing such splendid work. Young Peters, for instance, has a man who is perfectly splendid with the Explosives." "Explosives! Why, what do you mean?" "What should I mean? Material war must, of course, have its close counter-parts in the war of ideas. In that little office the preparation of the intellectual bombs takes place. Whenever our expert observers report signs of a collapse in the war-spirit of the enemy, so that there seems a danger of a really serious peace offer, we hurl one of them across the ocean, a brand-new economic boycott, or a fresh territorial demand. From time to time we vary these explosives by quieter but not less damaging infectives, poison gases injected through the Press to pass through neutral sources into the mind of the enemy."

"I can't go into details here, of course, but you can imagine we are pretty busy, what with our intellectual and moral bombing of the enemy and our soporifics and our stimulants for the irritations and war-weariness at home."

"But there is one department of our work in which you will be particularly interested. The Universities have behaved like trumps. As soon as they shed their early scruples about 'objective' facts and 'absolute reality,' they took to the preparation of war-truth like ducks to water. Really splendid service, for example, has been rendered by their Joint Committee for Historical Reconstruction, under the Chairmanship of Dr. Norman Flower whose famous monograph, 'How Blücher lost

us Waterloo,' has struck the shrewdest blow yet given to Prussian military prestige, besides winning for its erudite author the Paris Academy medal, 'Pour la vraie vérité.' I need hardly tell you that there is plenty of work to be done for our schools and colleges in rewriting History in the *entente* spirit, so as to delete the fabulous French wars, and to put in its true light such episodes as that of Joan of Arc. But equally good service is done by them in the capacity of Disparagers."

"What are 'Disparagers?'" I interjected. "Why, the 'Committee for the Disparagement of German learning.' They have already got out some extremely damaging literature. Young Lewis of Balliol's 'Seven proofs of the non-existence of Immanuel Kant,' which took the Lord Mond prize last year, has been published in eighteen languages for neutral service. Other pamphlets of conspicuous merit are Hyndman's 'Damnation of Karl Marx,' and a lighter brochure by Lord Haldane, entitled 'How I burnt my Spiritual Home.' The Anti-Hegel Society is now proposing as a subject for its next meeting, 'The futility of Helmholtz.'"

"A fine patriotic send-off to the whole campaign, of course, was given by the ceremonial burning of the German books from the Bodleian at the Martyrs' Memorial. Perhaps you will have read some account of it?"

"No. Everything you tell me is quite new and a little bewildering to one brought up in the older school of truth. But tell me: you have apparently demolished German philosophy and German science, but have you managed to do anything about German music?"

"Ah! do you know that just there you have hit upon the most perplexing problem that has yet confronted our Disparagers. At first, they were quite helpless in the matter, and were disposed to experiment upon the silly method of changing names. But they soon realized that it would take a full generation to substitute effectively the name of Hankinson for Mendelssohn, or Stokes for Wagner, and so they gave it up. Then somebody came out with the subtler suggestion for hiring third-rate orchestras to do their very worst in the Albert Hall, Queen's Hall, and other popular resorts, with Beethoven, Brahms, and other Hun masters. This proposal was actually approved by the Board of Disparagement, and a considerable fund was raised with the assistance of the Musicians' Mutual Benefit Society. Then came a quite unforeseen hitch. The first performances were rehearsed with care and given with really murderous effect. At least such was the intention. Unfortunately, the more cultured musical public took the perverse fancy to treat the most excruciating passages as a novel and fascinating phase of what they termed futurist transvaluation; and so the Hun names that had been advertised for execration came to acquire a fresh lease of undeserved glory."

"But I must not bore you any further with our innumerable engagements and campaigns in the great War of Ideas."

"Nay," I replied; "far from boring me, you bring both interest and profit. For I seem to come a little nearer to finding the correct answer to Pilate's famous question."

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

ALL that is soundest in English life and in English religion will hear with sincere regret of the resignation, through failing health, of the great Bishop, the loss of whose services the country and the Church have sustained. He was not a representative of his order; in Convocation he found himself often in a minority of one. But it is no exaggeration to say that he was the ablest man—it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that he was the only man of first-class capacity in the English episcopate. He was not a society Bishop; he was seldom seen in London pulpits or on London platforms; his name was rarely mentioned, more rarely still with approval, by the Church Press. He was not an author; a few occasional letters to the "Times," weighty but infrequent, together with a few sermons and charges, make up his literary output: he was not a professional

theologian; his busy life, first as a headmaster, later as a bishop, brought him into contact rather with affairs and men than with ideas. But he united in a remarkable degree qualities seldom found, either separately or in combination, in ecclesiastics: he was exceptionally intelligent and exceptionally reasonable; he was absolutely fearless, and he was transparently sincere.

He had the good fortune to find his vocation, which was that of a teacher, in early life. Even now, in no way can an Englishman serve his generation to better purpose. But two generations ago English education was at its lowest level, both in quality and quantity. Few Englishmen were educated, in the proper sense of the word, at all; and those who were were educated badly: they were taught the wrong things, and taught them in the wrong way. There is still room—those who have most means of knowing tell us that there is very great room—for improvement. But at least we are aware of our deficiencies: then there was no notion that anything needed to be, or could be, improved. And the reformer came into collision with indifference, with prejudice, and above all, with vested interests, on every side. Dr. Percival's aims were efficiency and economy. He desired to modernize the public schools, to bring them into a comprehensive scheme of national education, and to make them as widely accessible as possible. This was a revolution: but it was a revolution on historical lines. Designed for the poor, the old foundations had been appropriated by the rich; reform was in fact reversion to the original type. Clifton was, and remains, his monument; he threw himself into the work of organization and administration with untiring zeal. His energy was great, his will unbending, his personality masterful. He was too exacting to be popular in the common sense of the word; but if he was exacting with others, he was more exacting with himself. He was intolerant of the second-best; he had little patience with the slovenly, the slipshod, the self-indulgent; but at Clifton, as later at Trinity and Rugby, the hardest worked and the hardest worker among his staff or his pupils was himself. He was a great headmaster. Since Arnold no one man had done so much for public school education; and coming a generation later, he was able to accentuate the modern note which Arnold had been the first to strike.

It was impossible that such a man should not be a Liberal, in the large sense of the word. But his temperament was not one of passion; and his Liberalism was matter less of feeling than of reasoned and settled conviction. I do not mean that he did not feel. He did, and strongly. But he was not impulsive either in speech or in action. When he stood apart from his colleagues, as he often did in later life, it was not because he was carried away by feeling, but because he saw the situation in a drier light, and reasoned it out with less personal and professional bias than they. This was the key to his attitude with regard to two questions on which he came into sharp conflict with an influential section of opinion—the South African War and Welsh Disestablishment. He believed that the former could, and should, have been avoided; and that the latter, given the circumstances, was inevitable. In each case it is possible that posterity, which revises many judgments, may confirm his views.

This detachment at times misled him as to public opinion, which he neither gauged with accuracy nor studied with care. He did not take it at its own valuation; and he had an unepiscopal unwillingness either to hedge or to trim. The Whig temper, of which he had much, inclines those who possess it to overlook cross-currents, and to believe that people in general will act more reasonably than experience shows to be the case. "I count upon the intelligence of the people; that is the great power," said that great Whig lady, the Empress Frederick, to Prince Hohenlohe. "A much greater power is their stupidity," was the answer, "of which we must take account in our calculations, and to which we must give the first place." Both were right; but the Empress was more so. In the long run, people do act with a certain, if not a very great, amount of reasonableness. But they cannot be relied upon to do so in this or that particular instance: other motives—ignorance,

prejudice, passion of one sort or another—come in. And the astute politician who plays upon these lower notes will often score a temporary success. He does not take long views, or consider remote contingencies; but the things that are within his field of vision he sees and sees clearly; here he is "wiser than the children of light." Emotion has its function in character; it quickens—though it can also dull—insight, and it moves the will. But not the least serviceable Liberalism is that of the understanding. A sensible man sees that certain changes are in the nature of things—whether he likes them or not is beside the question—and he wishes them to come, since come they must, with as little friction as may be. This *flair* of the statesman is like that of the speculator who forecasts the market; or the artist who discerns the possibilities of sound or shape or color, to which the ordinary run of men are blind. The Bishop possessed it in a singular degree. He was sensitive to coming change; and, though he was prudent, the "more than Gamaliel-like caution" which a historian attributes to the English episcopate was foreign to him. If he had made up his mind that a certain course of action was called for, it would never have occurred to him to consider what people would think or say either of it or of him.

It is notorious that he was out of sympathy with what is called the Church Party; and he was incapable of simulating a sympathy which he did not feel. This party numbers among its adherents the majority of the clergy, and a considerable number of influential and energetic laymen. It is admirably organized; its Press, if neither educated nor scrupulous, is vigorous and efficient: it has secured the active support of the majority of the bishops, and the benevolent neutrality of the minority; it seems to have convinced a succession of Prime Ministers, Liberal as well as Conservative, that its own party interests and those of the Church are convertible terms. This is a distinct achievement: and the more clearly it is seen that this party has, and can have, no future, the more remarkable will its hold on politicians, secular and religious, appear. The Bishop saw the insecurity of its foundation. That the magical conceptions on which it is based are impossible in a universe of law; that the fixed quantities which it presupposes are excluded from a world of life and change; that the theory of the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments from which it starts is unhistorical—this, he knew, was matter not of opinion but of fact. He felt, and on occasion spoke, strongly on this subject. For him the question was one not merely of rival policies—though this, indeed, was one, and an important, aspect of it—but of truth or falsehood, right or wrong.

In common with the wisest and best Churchmen of every generation, he cultivated friendly relations with the other Protestant Churches. The differences between the Church and Dissent, he believed, were political and superficial; those between the evangelical and the medieval conception of Christianity were religious and profound. He wished to recover for the Church, in her and their interest, the religious and moral forces which had been alienated by the policy of which the Act of Uniformity of 1662 was the expression. The Church was the weaker for their loss; they were the weaker for their separation: together their power for good would be increased tenfold. With this end in view, anticipating the Kikuyu Conference, he took the most decided step that had been so far taken in the direction of reunion: in 1911 (the Coronation year), it will be remembered, he invited Churchmen and Dissenters to unite in the highest act of Christian fellowship in his Cathedral Church. The virulence with which this action was attacked in the Church Press, and the characteristic tergiversation of Convocation, came to him as an unfeigned surprise. He had miscalculated—underestimating the element of platitudes in the pious generalities of the Lambeth Conference; he had thought that the bishops meant what they said. Nor were his good offices limited to Protestants. He followed the Modernist controversy in the Roman Church with sympathy and interest; and, when the late Father Tyrrell was deprived of the Sacraments by the Roman Catholic authorities, he desired a common friend to

inform him that he was at liberty to communicate in the diocese without condition or test.

His outlook on life was rather that of an educated man than of an ecclesiastic. This was due mainly, no doubt, to temperament; but in part also to the fact that he came from the academic, not from the parochial clergy. That a certain number of bishops should be taken from the latter is reasonable. But that all should be so would be a misfortune; the principle of regarding men of large parochial experience as specially qualified for the episcopate has been carried very much too far. In the case of the metropolitan sees, in particular, and of those which give their occupants an exceptional influence in framing the policy and administering the affairs of the Church, it is a distinct advantage for a bishop to have a larger horizon: the higher the office the more essential is the lay mind. This is not to be confounded with the mind of the House of Laymen. Between the two a gulf is fixed: the difference is that between the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Guardian," or the "Times" and the "Church Times." The Bishop realized—it might almost be said that he visualized—the distinction; no man was ever less the dupe of words than he. He did not "suffer fools gladly"; nor did he care to conceal his contempt for timidity and time-serving in whatever quarter or under whatever disguise. Here, again, his primary motive was intellectual. He saw that caution carried to this point over-reaches itself; that a policy of shifts and expedients brings those who adopt it, and (what matters more) the interests which they represent into contempt. It is one which is apt to commend itself to party managers who live from hand to mouth—particularly in England, where the national mind has little taste or capacity for ideas. But it recoils, if not on themselves, on those who come after them; the ill-laid ghosts return.

His presence on the bench was a reserve force for an episcopate and a Church which stand in no small need of such reinforcement. With few exceptions, a bishop speaks because he has to say something; and one knows beforehand what he will say. What the Bishop of Hereford said was, as a rule, unexpected; and he spoke not because he had to say something, but because he had something to say. English religion is the poorer for his loss; for what it wants most, and is most conspicuously lacking in, is strength and strong men. Its dominant note is a certain futility or feebleness. Able men sit loose to the Churches; the half-educated go off into childish superstition or a shallow scepticism; while, more offensive than either, convention insists that the clergy shall be either ignorant or insincere. "No dogma, no deans," said Disraeli to Stanley. The higher his position the further behind the age a clergyman is expected to be; or, if he is not, he must at least have the decency to pretend to be so. With the Bishop of Hereford the most conspicuous and consistent representative of a higher standard passes away.

ALFRED FAWKES.

THE MIND'S MORPHIA.

"I NEVER was one to care for the *insides* of books," said a servant girl. The householder was carrying a pile of review-books to the dust-heap, and she asked him to give her some. "I assure you, they're not worth reading," he answered; "they're too bad even for the dust-heap." "Never mind," said the maid, who was going to be married, and had an eye to furniture; "I never was one to care for the *insides* of books!"

In glancing at the show on a railway bookstall, one often agrees with the author of that great saying, or, at least, envies her. It must be very pleasant not to care for the *insides* of books. How much time it would save, how much eyesight, how much disappointment! It was all very well for Gibbon to talk of "that early and invincible love of reading which he would not exchange for the treasures of India." Gibbon had never seen a railway bookstall, else he might have preferred to pillage India like a Nabob rather than read. Those bindings, how sufficient and "respectable" they look! How

superior to the flimsy French covers of yellow paper! We are not likely to have them long. Another year or two will exterminate bindings, together with the remaining evidences of British comfort and superiority. Let us cherish them while we may. They are among the blessings of our pilgrimage which are failing, and Charing Cross Road will soon be advertising second-hand books "bound in real Georgian cloth." For any sane man or woman, the binding and the title ought to suffice. Why care about the insides of books? Why go further and read more?

The recent fashion of covering the binding with a paper "wrapper," has certainly increased the binding's value at the expense of the inside. Illustrations used to be in the book; now they are on the wrapper. By their aid, anyone can tell the contents at a glance. They are a kind of cinema, saving the brain much trouble. If any explanation is needed, the "letterpress" is still there, like the printed slides inserted between cinema films to show what prayer the desperate girl has uttered, or what peculiar words the cowboy has used to the villain. But the better the film, the less need of verbal explanation, and in the literature of the future, words may be entirely abolished, the story will be told by illustrations alone, and the love of reading die of atrophy.

So a glance along any bookstall reveals the value of the wrapper to the hurried and unimaginative mind. After that glance, which may be had for nothing, there is small necessity to pay out money and read. Take a few wrappers to be found on every stall: "Colonel Quaritch, V.C.," the wrapper "featuring" a man with a lantern gazing upon a very active and lively-looking skeleton, complete in all joints and bones, though almost certainly murdered; "The Cottage on the Fells" (wrapper displaying a man with lifted shovel approaching another, roped and gagged, on the floor; the intention of the shovel malign, perhaps murder, perhaps burial alive); "Sally Bishop" (girl in nightgown praying beside a bed, another girl looking on and apparently smoking; a story of virtue triumphant in spite of cigarettes); "The Man who Won" (picture of a man and woman struggling in a wood; virtue triumphant over savage vice, but hard beset till the knight of chivalry appears); "Lady Rose's Daughter" (picture of man in evening dress and Order bowing to woman in evening dress, uniforms in background; all moving in the very best society, as we know the author always does); "The Master Spirit" (man with revolver gallantly confronting man without one; both on top of a tower in perilous predicament); "The Watchers of the Plains" (cowboy with two revolvers and a girl, against whom, however, neither revolver is directed); "Men, Women, and Guns" (man and woman standing unperturbed beneath the still-smoking muzzle of a 14-in. gun, and God help them if they were there when it fired!); "The Si-Fan Mysteries" (man in the Oriental magic line, girl in background, also Oriental); "The Cardinal Moth" (girl in nightdress and dressing-gown, with unusually long and copious hair, thoroughly well brushed); "Six Women" (picture of six heads of varied languid and amorous types).

Those six women naturally lead us on to the commonest kind of wrapper—the kissing kind. Here are some of the kissing kind: "The Lover's Tale" (man and woman kissing), "Poppies in the Corn" (man and woman kissing), "The End Crowned All" (man and woman kissing), "Nash's" Magazine (man and woman kissing), "The Night Riders" (man and woman kissing), "The Four Pools of Mystery" (man and woman about to kiss), "The Vultures" (man and woman about to kiss), "The Osbornes" (man and woman about to kiss), "Twilight" (man and woman about to kiss), "Between Two Stools" (man and woman about to kiss), "Ursula's Marriage" (man and woman about to kiss, but lighting cigarettes for the moment), "Rose of the World" (man and woman about to kiss, or perhaps to murder), "The Night of Temptation" (languorous woman about to be kissed if any man comes that way). So the kissings go on—row upon row of them in every bookstall. It is with a joyful sense of escape, as of a fly disentangling himself from a pot of golden syrup, that one discovers an obscurely hidden book, called "Dog-keeping on Common-sense

Lines," with a picture of a bloodhound on the wrapper. It is even a relief to find "Lloyd George: The Man and his Story."

As a test of the "insides," we opened one of the books at random; we have forgotten which. The first sentence was, "Ursula had the unutterable misery of seeing the heart she offered cast back at her." Certainly, an appalling sight to see, and an appalling feeling to feel, when the heart caught her full. On the same page, someone or other is described as "amoral rather than immoral." Oh, that weary old distinction, with which unscrupulous and selfish lechers used to defend their habitual abominations thirty years ago, until "amorality" became as convenient a cloak for vice as "an artistic temperament"! Any two sentences may safely be taken as a test of any book, but, of course, it is unfair to take two sentences of one book as a test of all the others. Yet if the choice were given us between the treasures of India and the reading of books like these, we should confidently increase our expenditure on anything but books.

For what are the motive themes revealed upon those "wrappers"? They are murder, snobbery, crude adventure, maudlin sentiment, and sensuality. Probably the war makes the stuff rather poorer than usual. Numbers of elderly persons, ecclesiastical as well as civil, take the present slaughter quite cheerily, and dine in peace, provided the war goes on. But other minds are distracted with anxiety or afflicted with loss. At the best, the knowledge of youth thus exterminated, and beautiful cities thus left desolate, gnaws perpetually at their consciousness, or lurks in the sub-conscious region, coloring all their days with sorrow. For such, no one would condemn any possible alleviation of their pain, any more than one would condemn morphia for the wounded lying in their blood upon the field. Stupid or commonplace literature is the morphia of many hearts. Gradually it induces forgetfulness, like the comfortable River of Hell. There is a point of sorrow or anxiety at which the mind becomes incapable of thought and of pleasure in excellence. But stupidity may still stupefy, and the commonplace numb the senses like the dull habits of every day. There have been statesmen who, in times of national crisis, turned to detective stories for the morphia of the spirit; and in the stress and horror of war it is vain to expect that kind of reading which "maketh a full man," since the heart and brain are already crammed to choking.

Besides the blessed morphia of insensibility, allowing the soul to recover during the painless interval, one must reckon also the attractive power of contrast. After months of fighting, the dulllest field, the dreariest street, is seen to be divine. After the continuous roar of battle, it is not music that is welcome, but the silence that sinks like music on the heart. So it is with all those kissings and violent allurements. War invariably intensifies sensuality, partly through the soldier's unnatural and isolated kind of life, partly by way of contrast. For, however pleasing the delight of battling with one's peers may be, it is entirely different from "the delights of love," and in war, far more certainly than in spring, a young man's fancy turns to those delights, as the sharpest contrast to the horror of destruction.

It is easy to understand, and very easy to respect this longing for insensibility; this desire to be "doped." In some forms of sickness, nature refuses to suffer any more: it must sink into unconsciousness or die. As a nation, we pay a heavy price in trash for this morphia of the soul; and, either aghast at the deluge of ditch-water, or themselves overcome by the consciousness of ever-passing souls in flight, our few writers of distinction are silent, or write beneath themselves. The bookstall literature may be an essential part of war, as necessary as any other hospital drug or serum. Partly it is the result of the torpid imagination and dull perception in a race that puts off its Education Bills from Parliament to Parliament, and thinks the postponement makes no odds. France is producing a great war literature already, but France has always been careful about things of the mind. Sometimes we feel the true touch of intellect in a soldier's letter or a correspondent's book, but hitherto England

can show nothing to compare with "Gaspard," "Ma Pièce," "Le Feu," "La Vie des Martyres." She can show little but the soporifics and anesthetics of murder, Society, and kissing. Yet there are some who refuse to be "doped," and to whom a Fool's Paradise, lacking the Trees of Knowledge and of Life, is but an empty wild. For them nothing remains but silently to explore the forsaken highways of truth, and undertake the painful and difficult task of realizing reality.

The Drama.

WOOD NOTES.

"Dear Brutus." By Sir J. M. Barrie. Produced at Wyndham's.

Mr. Dearth	GERALD DU MAURIER
Mr. Purdie...	SAM SOTHERN
Mr. Coade	NORMAN FORBES
Matey	WILL WEST
Lob	ARTHUR HATHERTON
Mrs. Dearth	HILDA MOORE
Mrs. Purdie	JESSIE BATEMAN
Mrs. Coade	MAUDE MILLETT
Joanna Trout	DORIS LYTON
Lady Caroline Laney	LYDIA BILBROOKE
Margaret	FAITH CELLI

SIR JAMES BARRIE is essentially the playwright of the little theatre. His world is the little world, encompassed with little joys and sorrows, little jokes and humors. Is that a depreciating word? I mean it as a distinguishing and endearing one. Fineness, not volume of tone, is the testing quality of art, and fineness, Barrie, if he be in the vein, cannot miss. In a noise-deafened world, this pretty, delicate-sounding note of his is a pleasant enchantment. Sit, then, at his feet and let this small music steal into your ears. Enter his magic wood. It is not Dante's "selva oscura," where middle age lost its tragic way. Nor is it Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. It is merely a bye-path to a quite attainable Heaven of unambitious thoughts and healing fancies.

Think of your life. What might it not have been? How glorious and how good! If only the right turn had been taken with the right companion! Recall your youth, how near the stars it was, and your manhood, how full of earth's best energy! And now? But really it was not your fault. Some enchanter should have warned you in time, when, standing at the cross-roads, your feet loitered, and you turned to chase that confounded butterfly. Yes; we are masters of our fate, or we might have been if—if we had been a little different, or if somebody else had been. Call it environment, or deuced bad luck, or the want of a single drop of divine cordial in the too insipid draught of mere living. At least, let us shut our eyes, make time run back, and give ourselves a dreamer's chance over again, or summon for the dread end of the journey the power of willing that deserted us in mid-passage.

That is a slight sketch of Sir James Barrie's new phantasy, "Dear Brutus." Brutus, of course, is everybody—that is to say, everybody who regrets. A philanderer regrets the lost girl he wished he had married. An elderly trifler regrets the book he was too lazy to write, and the wife who made him so comfortable that he never thought of writing it. A butler regrets a world-talent for plunder frittered away in stealing spoons. A painter regrets his addiction to the bottle, the disuse of his art, and the want of a child.

Lob, the famous wizard of Mayfair, knowing all about these light or burdened souls, assembles them in his drawing-room on Midsummer Night's Eve, when poetry runs wild, even in England, and turns them all out to graze in his magic wood. And then, of course, everything happens which was bound to happen. The philanderer falls to flirting with the wife he had fallen out with, and out of patience with the sweetheart he fancied. The dilettante, reborn as bachelor, pipes and dances to himself. The butler steals fortunes instead of ladies' rings. But for Dearth, the painter, who had plunged into the wood instead of loitering in it in the mere

beguilement of idleness, is reserved a more genuine spiritual adventure. Dearth wants no more illusions, but he does want fortification and consolation for his work. It comes to him in the shape of the desired daughter, the soul-companion he had missed. Everyone knows what Barrie makes of childhood and adolescence. On the playful talk of the happy father and his dream-child Barrie's delighted fancy lingers with touches of extreme delicacy and beauty. The interlude, full of charm, also adds a touch of complication to the philosophical meaning of the play. Its motto is the Shakespearean one:—

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

But in the case of the triflers, this conquest of fate would seem to be precisely the thing which Sir James Barrie is out to deny. In the end (like all sensible men), he takes a middle line between determinism and free will. The subjects of Lob's experiment are neither fully the victims of circumstance nor entirely the masters of it. This appears, when, as the midsummer night's dream fades away, the work of re-embodiment begins and the House of Reality lights its sad lantern again in signal for the wanderers' return. Reassembled in Lob's drawing-room, they know themselves at last for what they are. Self's little prison-house again receives these philanderers, amateurs, birds of prey—the righteous, the filthy, the merely commonplace, are righteous, or filthy, or commonplace still. But to the seeming rigidity and immutability of life there remains one exception. Art, which is Truth, holds within itself the principle of redemption, and therefore of new creation and perpetual youth. Dearth's dream-child is not lost; it is only to come. She reappears, following the gay procession of reconciled Art and Love.

I suppose I have over-spiritualized Sir James Barrie's fairy-tale, and spoiled it in the act. Then go and see it, and make of it what you will.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LIFTING OF THE BAN.

SIR,—I have never been able clearly to understand the grounds upon which the circulation of your paper was restricted. If the grounds were purely of a military nature, they appear to me to be simply insufficient; if, on the other hand, they were—as suggested by the Prime Minister—political, that could be no concern of the War Office—by whom I understand the restriction was imposed. It is not, and never should be, any part of the duties of military authorities to interfere with the expression of political opinion, and it would be a very dangerous innovation if any attempt made to do so passed by without protest. I am glad to hear that the ban has been removed.—Yours, &c.,

BUCKMASTER.

SIR,—Heartiest congratulations. I am right glad at your freedom, but rejoice still more that the Government are getting a little sense. I hope they will continue to grow in wisdom, so far meeting the want of the world.—Yours, &c.,

COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

SIR,—Congratulations! Common sense has prevailed at last.—Yours, &c.,

R. MCKENNA.

SIR,—I am glad that a ban has been removed which ought never to have been imposed.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT SAMUEL.

SIR,—It is not altogether easy for me to form a judgment upon the reasons which have led the Government to put an embargo upon the circulation of THE NATION in foreign countries. They are, however, clearly reasons connected with the war; and the great thing is to win the war. I cannot, therefore, censure the Government for prohibiting what is, in their eyes, prejudicial to the cause of the country and its Allies in the war. But the freedom of the Press is a principle so dear to Englishmen, it was won for them by their forefathers at so great a cost; and the independent newspapers of Great Britain

and the British Empire form so happy a contrast to the reptile press of Germany, that I am glad it has been found possible to emancipate THE NATION from the restrictions which had been set upon it, and I do not doubt THE NATION will justify its liberty by its patriotism.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. C. WELLDON (Dean of Manchester).

SIR,—Your telegram is most welcome. It is good news. Clearly, there is a change of attitude; but it is not in THE NATION. THE NATION is as it was before the issue of the ban. We may now expect other changes in the direction of sane thinking and freedom.—Yours, &c.,

J. CLIFFORD.

SIR,—Your news is good hearing; but I am afraid it does not soften my indignation at the treatment you received during these months.

An insult has been put by somebody upon our liberties, and an insult so gross that in my opinion the matter ought not to rest until this particular somebody is kennelled up, together with that other somebody (if there be another) who supplied minister after minister with statements contradictory among themselves, and irreconcilable with fact.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH.

SIR,—I think the Government is to be congratulated on having at length put an end to its own ridiculousness in this matter.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

SIR,—I am delighted this slur has been removed from THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

SIR,—Congratulations on your successful stand for the freedom of the Press.—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) J. R. GREEN.

SIR,—The lifting of the ban on the foreign circulation of THE NATION is a sign of returning sanity, on which the Government and the country are to be congratulated. It follows so closely upon the publication of an article of my own on "The Crime of Censorship," that, but for my depressing acquaintance with logic, I should be tempted to imagine *post ergo propter*. But I should like to repeat that till Censorship in every department is regarded as a crime against the minority, Democracy will never be "made safe." In war-time the action of Censorship is peculiarly criminal, for it protects incompetence, falsifies public opinion, and thickens "the fog of war." In this connection, may I say with what dismay I have read the recommendation of the Cinematograph Commission that a State Censorship be appointed? Imagine the Prussian power over the masses that this would give to every temporary majority.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

SIR,—I am delighted the ban is taken off THE NATION. Isn't it curious how slow humanity is to learn you cannot kill free thought by force? We really have not got much further than the old Inquisitors of the sixteenth century.—Yours, &c.,

OLIVE SCHREINER.

SIR,—The removal of the ban on the foreign circulation of THE NATION is opportune, because the ban served definitely to injure American sympathy for Great Britain, especially in quarters of the greatest influence.

We may hope that the removal denotes an increase of efficiency and sanity in the authorities concerned.

It is equally satisfactory if the removal is due to the realization that Pro-German influences, as shown by the revelations in the Bolo case, do not work through the organs of reason, but by financing the mouthpieces of Allied Jingoism.

In any case, it is a gain to the Allies.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

SIR,—My sincere congratulations on the removal of the ban on your foreign circulation.

Future historians will record that the fetters were fixed on by what was called Liberal Administration.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CLODD.

SIR,—I congratulate us all on the removal of an active agent against the general interest. In America it did more, than even THE NATION knew, to mystify those whom it did not compel to question the fitness of an authority sanctioning such a restriction, to stand for Democratic institutions. The ban was a weapon in the hand of those whose interest it was to cast doubt on the genuineness of British official mouth-service to the ideals of Freedom.

I rejoice, therefore, in the news of Saturday as one whose oldest and dearest political hope is to see Co-operation (and

that understanding which must precede Co-operation) between the two groups of English-speaking people on either side of the Atlantic.—Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

SIR,—Congratulations that what, in my judgment, was a mistaken policy, has been reversed by the removal of your restrictions.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT SPICER.

SIR,—I am glad to hear that the Government have come to their senses and removed the ban on the foreign circulation of THE NATION. People abroad will now become aware that some sane and enlightened opinion does still exist in this country.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

SIR,—Congratulations on returning good sense of Censor.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CARPENTER.

SIR,—THE NATION does not seem to have altered in any way since the ban on its foreign circulation. This fact, now that the ban is removed, is the best cause for congratulation—in these days of fair questions and mysterious silences.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DAVIES.

SIR,—I rejoice heartily that the foolish ban upon the foreign circulation of THE NATION has been at last withdrawn. It is most important, both for our fighting men abroad and for neutral peoples, that its broad views of our war-aims and its interpretation of the principles of democracy should be known as widely as possible.—Yours, &c.,

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

SIR,—I rejoice that the ban has been withdrawn from the foreign circulation of THE NATION. It never should have been imposed. Accept my hearty congratulations.—Yours, &c.,

THOS. BURT.

SIR,—Rejoiced that the authorities feel strong enough and are wise enough to allow honest criticism, which is never unpatriotic, free expression and universal circulation.—Yours, &c.,

T. OWEN JACOBSEN.

SIR,—At last! I am delighted that the ban on your foreign circulation is removed.

For months Allies and neutrals have had free access to all the mischief-making organs that sow dissensions, misinterpret facts, and do their best to misrepresent the aims of our people in consenting to continue the war.

Now they will be able to discover the existence of a sane and rational patriotism amongst us which seeks to see and interpret the facts of the situation, to make allowance for their unexampled difficulties, especially in Russia, to develop sympathy and harmony between them, and to guide opinion towards a permanent solution of the international situation, and a triumphant outcome of the struggle in international arrangements that promise a peace that shall be stable, because just.

May the stupid and arbitrary action of the Censorship create a demand for future issues that shall multiply your circulation and influence, and thus make some amends for the undeserved worry and loss you have suffered.

I hope this restoration of your freedom to circulate abroad indicates an approach towards sanity of the office that thinks to promote freedom by suppressing free thought.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

SIR,—While I congratulate you on the removal of the ban on your foreign circulation, that step has been too long delayed to redeem the Government from the discredit of its imposition.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

SIR,—Warmest congratulations, not only on the removal of the ban upon THE NATION's foreign circulation, but more on the splendid courage and constancy shown by you in the whole affair! You have only gained in influence and earned more gratitude from all lovers of liberty through the attacks made on you by our imitators of Prussian methods.—Yours, &c.,

J. KING.

SIR,—The present Government has made many blunders, but, in my judgment and, I am sure, in the judgment of many

others, none greater than the ban placed on the foreign circulation of THE NATION.

Had THE NATION, like the "Times" and the "Morning Post," advocated war upon peace instead of war upon war, no ban would have been issued.

THE NATION's offence did not lie in the encouragement it gave to our enemies abroad, but to the encouragement it gave to Liberals at home.

At the beginning of this century, when many Liberals were false to their creed, you remained true; you are acting the same rôle to-day; for this I offer you my sincere thanks.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

SIR,—THE NATION represents the views of the great mass of enlightened Liberalism throughout the country. The attempt of the War Cabinet to hide the existence of these views from other countries has already failed, and the Government's recognition of this fact is somewhat belated.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. LEES-SMITH.

SIR,—Heartily congratulations on the removal of the ban. It is all to the good that President Wilson can now read views similar to his own published in this country. The world must be made safe for democracy.—Yours, &c.,

A. MACCALLUM SCOTT.

SIR,—I am glad that you have at length got your ticket-of-leave from this comic Government. I wish they would lift their ban from the Nation at the same time. The more they circulate abroad the worse for us. I trust THE NATION may absorb their circulation.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. HOGGE.

SIR,—I congratulate both yourself and the Government upon the removal of the ban upon the foreign circulation of THE NATION—the latter upon a very welcome, though grievously belated, access of common-sense; yourself upon the larger opportunity of conveying to sorely afflicted humanity counsels of comprehensive sagacity.

Apparently, the last word of Allied statesmanship is that the new order of human governance must be achieved through an Armageddon of the air—involving the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of the hapless non-combatant populations of Germany and Great Britain—war proving as ever a veritable Rake's Progress of inhuman ingenuity.

You will, I hope, continue to urge rather the acceptance of the policy of concurrent and complete disarmament, proposed by the Pope, endorsed with candor and cordiality by Count Czernin, verbally accepted, with whatsoever mental reservations, by Germany—obviously the paramount interest of labor the world over. The necessary corollary of disarmament is unrestricted commercial intercourse, two conditions which deprive territorial controversies alike of all economic substance and military significance.

Why should not the Allied statesmen seize upon von Kuhlmann's claim that on all points, other than Alsace-Lorraine, an accommodation is possible—insist that such accommodation shall be based upon general disarmament, universal free trade, the complete recognition of the rights of nationalities, great and small, to unfettered self-expression, the establishment of effective and authoritative international arbitration through the machinery of the projected League of Nations, settling the vexed question of Alsace-Lorraine—by the neutralization, political and economic, of the two provinces. As a matter of fact, no other solution is possible, except by an utterly disproportionate and inexcusable sacrifice of human life and treasure. However unassailable may be the moral title of France to Alsace-Lorraine—in a condition of continued preparation for armed conflict—the cession of the iron ore deposits of Lorraine to France by Germany would be, for the latter, simply suicidal.—Yours, &c.,

EDW. T. JOHN.

SIR,—The release of THE NATION from the ban upon its foreign issue will be a source of just satisfaction to its foreign readers, and doubtless, in temperate measure, to THE NATION itself. But our congratulations are chiefly due to the Government, which has at length withdrawn from a hopelessly illogical position, and offered at least a distant salute to the great tradition of English liberty, by permitting its most formidable critic in the Press to speak freely to the world.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. HERFORD.

SIR,—It would be a comic impertinence to congratulate you because, in their gracious mercy, the illustrious and forlorn personages had removed the foreign ban they had, without justification, placed on your paper. It would be too much like paying them a compliment for committing an outrage were I to congratulate you. Now I shall only contrast your dignity with their ludicrous and blustering quacking, which can

resemble no form of statesmanship. It, indeed, merely reflects the experiences of the late Mr. Gulliver, and these I need not here elaborate. As to statesmanship, that fell to pieces when Mr. Asquith was intrigued out of his brilliant, though unostentatious, guidance of the country's real interests, financial and otherwise.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER RUNCIMAN.

SIR,—Hearty congratulations.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD FRY.

SIR,—Congratulate you on removal of a ban which ought never to have been imposed.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERTSON NICOLL.

SIR,—I heartily rejoice that this piece of official stupidity is ended.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. SPENDER.

SIR,—Heartiest congratulations on release of ban.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BARLOW.

SIR,—Congratulations. You have not eaten dirt; and you have won free.—Yours, &c.,

LAWRENCE HOUSMAN.

SIR,—All lovers of a free Press will join in congratulations on the good news.—Yours, &c.,

H. DE VEE STACPOOLE.

SIR,—Congratulations to the public, to you, and to the authorities for having revealed at last a limit to their perversity.—Yours, &c.,

PHILLIP WICKSTEED.

SIR,—Congratulate you heartily on the freedom which I feel is only your just due.—Yours, &c.,

C. G. COULTON.

SIR,—Congratulations. Truth has prevailed, and will always prevail.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

SIR,—I am glad that at long last the fatuous "ban" on the foreign circulation of THE NATION has been removed, and that it will now be possible for our friends in Russia and in the United States to have expounded to them the considered views of sane and judicious Liberals concerning the war. We are told that the Allies will soon have a War-Aims Convention. It is indeed high time that they should do so. At present the whole world is in a welter of bloodshed and confusion, and there is no firm leadership anywhere in Europe. THE NATION has done notable work in clarifying the vision of British Liberals; I believe it will exercise a still more beneficial influence in co-ordinating the war-aims of "Liberals" all the world over.—Yours, &c.,

W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

SIR,—There are two things I should like to say about the removal of the ban on THE NATION. First, all lovers of fair-play will rejoice that a very high-handed misdemeanor has at last been publicly acknowledged and atoned for by the culprits or their representatives. That the thing should have been done at all, and done so soon, is a signal taken of the power and prestige of THE NATION.

And, secondly, just as the ban was a stupid disservice to the just cause of the Allies, so is its release a real help to those sovereign ideas for which we went to war. If some lasting good for all mankind is really to issue from this infinite tragedy of death and ruin, it must be built on those principles of internationalism for which THE NATION has stood since the outbreak of the war, and long before that. That the American and Russian peoples should once again be graciously permitted to read, in the greatest of the English weeklies, the very ideas which they themselves believe in, shows that we are really getting on with the war.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIPPS.

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND LIEUTENANT WAUGH.

SIR,—I should not attempt to add anything further, with regard to "John Bull" and its somewhat crude and illiterate attack on Alec Waugh's "Blessed Banners" if it were not for the fact that it is the only way I can justify the demands of my own conscience. But, let it be said that I am perfectly aware Alec Waugh's feelings—could he conceivably have any on the subject—would be those of contemptuous silence.

Good God! but the audacity of Mr. Bottomley!! At the outset, however, I am bound to admit that Alec Waugh's

achievements can never (thank God!) compete with those of the Editor of "John Bull." He has not, for instance, to the best of my knowledge, posed before press photographers in a tin-helmet, nor has he paraded himself as a religious advertisement. May I add, however, that during a certain five days (possibly when Mr. Bottomley was constructing one of his "shines" for the "Sunday Pictorial") Alec Waugh was holding a German Pillbox, taken by us in the last push, and was considerably nearer having that "something else" in his heart than Mr. Bottomley, with all his vain-glorious trumpeting would ever care to have.

I do not propose in this letter to justify "Blessed Banners." There is nothing to justify, unless the truth of it should require justification; perhaps it may.

Does Mr. Bottomley really imagine that because he has been out in France he can understand what war is? From what whitened sepulchre can he dare to hurl his opprobrious shaft? From what armchair can he presume to indict one who has risked his life more times than it would be comfortable for him to imagine? Is this the man who would accord those who have sacrificed their lives a place among the redeemed of the Lord of Hosts?

Let Mr. Bottomley spend three months in a front-line trench. Let him taste the barrage at its hottest. Let him go "over the top in the face of a hell of fire." Let him gaze eye to eye with death in its vilest and most revolting form, before he dares to open his mouth again upon such a subject.—Yours, &c.,

IAN H. T. MACKENZIE.

The Highland Light Infantry.

THE COMING DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

SIR,—I desire only to write very briefly in support of the views of "A Liberal M.P.," whose letter in your last issue reflects, I am confident, the feelings of a considerable number of Liberal Members of Parliament. They do not owe, nor are they prepared to give, allegiance to the present Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith they might be willing to follow if he gave a lead. But they have waited in vain, month after month, for the enunciation of a policy or the initiation of a new line of constructive statesmanship which might rally together the scattered and discontented forces of Liberalism. They have been disappointed, and have been obliged to listen at intervals to echoes of Lloyd Georgian policy expressed with more eloquence and polish, but, being echoes, lacking utterly in freshness, force, or originality. They feel, if anything, more exasperated with the apathy and indolence of Liberal ex-Ministers on the vital questions of the moment than with the disastrous, but anyhow positive, attitude of this reckless Government.

Some there are, too, who, after the experience of the last three and a-half years, have but little desire to go into political partnership with those who are in any way tainted with responsibility for the causes, the conduct, and therefore the consequences of this calamitous war. In the attitude they are adopting they are receiving a surprising amount of support from the rank and file in the country-outside. In the House itself there is pretty close co-operation and complete sympathy between a section of Liberals and the more advanced and independent section of the Labor Party. The question to be solved in the next few months is whether this Parliamentary co-operation can extend into the electorate and bear practical fruit in the formation of a Democratic Party. No doubt there are difficulties. But where close agreement, identity of aim, mutual respect, and resolute determination exist, the embarrassments of old party ties and the mechanical impediments of organizations should not be allowed to stand in the way or interfere with the formation of an effective political force.—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER LIBERAL M.P.

NEW AUSTRIA.

SIR,—The issue between us is one of interpretation of facts. You lay stress on the "New" Austria; we insist that power still remains in the hands of the Old. Our interpretation of the Austro-Hungarian situation leads us to be something more than sceptical of the liberal character which you attribute to the young Emperor and his entourage. The latest of the Hapsburgs is in a position of considerable danger, from which he has already made one effort to extricate himself by some show of generosity to his subject peoples. But these peoples themselves, through their representatives in the Reichsrath, have plainly shown that they do not believe in the Emperor's will or power to do them justice. It is quite true that, before the war, they used to regard his uncle, the murdered Archduke, as their only hope. But even in his case, they were well aware that national unity for the Czechs, or for the Southern Slavs for instance, would not be fully realized; and they looked to him with hope only because they believed that his policy aimed at the lowering of Magyar influence in the Monarchy. Francis Ferdinand was not a Liberal; his policy was dynastic, with a strong clerical bias,

and he clung to the German alliance; but he had vision enough to see that the racial policy of Budapest was fatal to the well-being of both parts of the realm. Doubtless, the present Emperor is aware of the same danger, and, being surrounded by some of the late Archduke's lieutenants, he has probably been influenced by their views of Hapsburg policy. It is for this reason that the antecedents and character of these men are an important factor in our calculations.

You dispute the validity of the term "Germanizing" as applied to Count Clam-Martinitz; and you suggest that we are exploiting the public prejudice against "Germans" in order to discredit a Liberal movement in Austria. The late Premier did, indeed, reject the Stürgkh policy of naked Germanization; but his speeches plainly showed that he was not prepared to upset the German-Magyar system, which is the root of the matter in the Dual Monarchy. Your contributor must surely be aware that Clam-Martinitz was backed by the German parties in his policy of constitutional revision by *octroi*—a process conducted behind the back of the Reichsrath in such a manner as to present the Slav parties with a *fait accompli* which they would resent, but would not destroy. It was precisely his attitude in this matter, coupled with the support he consistently received from all but the extremest German parties (as may be proved by a perusal of the Austrian and German Press for the last six months), that created the Slav Coalition which drove him to resignation. Austria, to him, meant a more genial place than the Austria of Stürgkh; but it was—as for Francis Ferdinand—an Austria in which the Germans preserved their political control, and which remained in close partnership, especially in all foreign action, with Berlin.

As for Baron Wieser and Count Silva-Tarouca, the career of the former proves his German character. It is quite misleading to say that the German-Bohemians refused to recognize him as their representative in the Seidler Cabinet. It was only the German "Radicals"—such desperadoes of Austrian politics as Herr Wolf and Herr Iro who cheer the Hohenzollern in the Reichsrath and out-do the Pan-Germans of the Empire in their Germanism—who rejected him; the other groups in the German National League (the "D.N.V.") accept Baron Wieser, and endorse his disapproval of Czech national claims. Count Silva-Tarouca is, we must repeat, an elderly feudal magnate of an ultra-Conservative type, and of German origin; he is, in no sense, *un homme de gouvernement*; and Austria must be in straits indeed if such as he are to be her saviors. It may be worth adding that within the last ten days one of the most moderate Austrian-German groups, the *Deutsche-Arbeitsgemeinschaft* has officially requested Professor Redlich to withdraw from the party on account of the speech he delivered at the very meeting you described.

I regret that I attributed the statement regarding Professor Förster to you; but, in mentioning the name, I had in mind the reports from Switzerland, which stated, in so many words, that he was talked of in the character we described. The talk itself was, of course, idle; but it is a symptom of that disarray in which Austria lies. On the main question, however, I hope you may be able to produce evidence that the Austrian Political Society has any influence over Austrian policy. "The New Europe" is the organ of men who wish nothing better than a real new Austria; but it is also the organ of men who, unlike yourself, are keenly aware that the wish that is father to the thought is, at all times and especially in war, a dangerous and illegitimate parentage.—Yours, &c.,

THE EDITOR, "THE NEW EUROPE."

Poetry

RHAPSODE.

WHY should we sing to you of little things—
You who lack all imagination?
Why should we sing to you of your poor joys,
That you may see beauty through a poet's mind—
Beauty where there was none before?
Why should we heed your miserable opinions,
And your paltry fears?
Why listen to your tales and narratives—
Long lanes of boredom along which you
Amble amiably all the dull days
Of your unnecessary lives?
We know you now—and what you wish to be told:
That the larks are singing in the trenches,
That the fruit-trees will again blossom in the spring,
That Youth is always happy,
And that you will never lack food!

But you know the misery that lies
Under the surface—
And we will dig it up for you!
We shall sing to you
Of the men who have been trampled
To death in the circus of Flanders;
Of the skeletons that gather the fruit
From the ruined orchards of France;
And of those left to rot under an Eastern sun—
Whose dust mingles with the sand
Of distant, strange deserts,
And whose bones are crushed against
The rocks of unknown seas:
All dead—dead,
Defending you and what you stand for.

You hope that we shall tell you that they found their
happiness in fighting—
Or that they died with a song on their lips,
Or that we shall use the old familiar phrases
With which your paid servants please you in the Press:
But we are poets
And shall tell the truth.

You, my dear Sir,
You are so upset
At being talked to in this way
That when night
Has coffin'd this great city
Beneath the folds of the sun's funeral pall,
You will have to drink a little more champagne,
And visit a theatre, or perhaps a music-hall.
What you need (as you so rightly say, my dear Sir), is
CHEERING-UP.

There you will see vastly funny sketches
Of your fighting countrymen;
And they will be represented
As those of whom you may be proud,
For they cannot talk English properly,
Or express themselves but by swearing;
Or perhaps they may be shown as drunk.
But they will all appear cheerful,
And you will be pleased;
And as you lurch amiably home, you will laugh,
And at each laugh
Another countryman will be dead!

When Christ was slowly dying on that tree—
Hanging in agony upon that hideous Cross—
Tortured, betrayed, and spat upon,
Loud through the thunder and the earthquake's roar
Rang out
Those blessed, humble, human words of doubt:
"My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"
But near by was a cheerfully chattering group
Of sects,
Of Pharisees and Sadducees,
And all were shocked—
Pained beyond measure.
And they said:
"At least he might have died like a hero
With an oath on his lips,
Or the refrain from a comic song—
Or a cheerful comment of some kind.
It was very unpleasant for all of us—
But we had to see it through.

I hope people will not think we have gone too far—
Or behaved badly in any way."

There in the streets below a drunken man reels home,
And as he goes
He sings with sentiment:
"Keep the Home-Fires Burning!"
And the Constable helps him on his way.
But we—
We should be thrown into prison,
Or cast into an asylum,
For we want—

PEACE!

"MILES."

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "A Short History of England." By G. K. Chesterton. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)
 "Two Summers in the Ice Wilds of Eastern Karakorum." By Fanny B. Workman and William H. Workman. (Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)
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 "Letters to Helen." By Keith Henderson. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)
 "The Coming." By J. C. Snaith. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)
 "Fields of the Fatherless." By Jean Roy. (Collins. 6s. net.)

THE bed-book itself is a sort of night-light, and to assist its illumination the electric bulb is useless. It douses the book. The light for such a book must accord with it. It must be, like the book, a limited, personal, mellow, and companionable glow; the solitary taper beside the only worshipper in a sanctuary. Nothing can compare with the intimacy of candle-light for a bed-book. It is a living heart, bright and warm in central night, burning for us alone, holding the gaunt and towering shadows at bay. There the monstrous spectres stand in our midnight room, the advance guard of the darkness of the world, held off by our valiant little glim, but ready to flood instantly and founder us in original gloom. The wind moans without; ancient evils are at large and wandering in torment. The rain shrieks across the window. For a moment the sentinel candle is shaken, and burns blue with terror. The shadows leap out instantly. The little flame recovers, and merely looks at its foe the darkness, and back to its own place goes the old enemy of light and man. The candle for me, tiny, mortal, warm, and brave, a frail golden flower on a silver stem!

WHAT book shall it shine upon? Think of Plato, or a war-book, or Dante, or Tolstoy, or a Blue Book, for such an occasion! I cannot. They will not do—for me. I am not writing about you. I know those men I have named are transcendent, the greater lights. But I am bound to confess at times they bore me. Though their feet are clay and on earth, just as ours, their stellar brows are sometimes dim in remote clouds. For my part, they are too big for bedfellows. I cannot see myself, carrying my feeble and restricted glim, following (in pyjamas) the statuesque figure of the Florentine where it stalks, aloof in its garb of austere pity, the sonorous deeps of Hades. Hades! Not for me; not after midnight! Let those go who like it.

As for the Russian, vast and disquieting, I refuse to leave all, including the blankets and the pillow, to follow him into the gelid tranquillity of the upper air, where even the colors are prismatic spicules of ice, to brood upon the erratic orbit of the poor mud-ball below called earth. I know it is my world also; but I cannot help that. It is too late, after a busy day, and at that hour, to begin overtime on fashioning a new and better planet out of cosmic dust. By breakfast-time, nothing useful would have been accomplished. We should all be where we were the night before. The job is far too long, once the pillow is nicely set. For the truth is, there are times when we are too weary to remain attentive and thankful under the improving eye, kindly but severe, of the seers. There are times when we do not wish to be any better than we are. We do not wish to be elevated and improved. At midnight, away with such books! As for the literary pundits, the high priests of the Temple of Letters, it is interesting and helpful occasionally for an acolyte to swinge them a good hard one with an incense burner, and cut and run, for a change, to something outside their rubrics. Midnight is the time when one can recall, with ribald delight, the names of all the Great Works which every gentleman ought to have read, but which some of us have not. For there is almost as much clotted nonsense written about literature as there is about theology.

THERE are few books which go with midnight, solitude,

and a candle. It is much easier to say what does not please us than what is exactly right. The book must be, anyhow, something benedictory by a sinning fellow-man. Cleverness would be repellent at such an hour. Cleverness, anyhow, is the level of mediocrity to-day; we are all too infernally clever. The first witty and perverse paradox blows out the candle. Only the sick in mind crave cleverness, as a morbid body turns to drink. The late candle throws its beams a great distance; and its rays make transparent much that seemed massy and important. The mind at rest beside that light, when the house is asleep, and the consequential affairs of the urgent world have diminished to their right proportions because we see them distantly from another and a more tranquil place in the heavens, where duty, honor, witty arguments, controversial logic on great questions, appear such as will leave hardly a trace of fossil in the indurated mud which presently will cover them—the mind then certainly smiles at cleverness. For though at that hour the body may be dog-tired, the mind is white and lucid, like that of a man from whom a fever has abated. It is bare of illusions. It has a sharp focus, small and star-like, as a clear and lonely flame left burning by the altar of a shrine from which all have gone but one. A book which approaches that light in the privacy of that place must come, as it were, with honest and open pages.

I LIKE Heine then though. His mockery of the grave and great, in those sentences which are as brave as pennants in a breeze, is quite opportune. One's own secret and awkward convictions, never expressed because not lawful and because it is hard to get words to bear them lightly, seem then to be heard aloud in the mild, easy, and confident diction of an immortal whose voice has the blitheness of one who has watched, amused and irreverent, the high gods in eager and secret debate on the best way to keep the gilt and trappings on the body of the evil they have created. That first-rate explorer, Gulliver, it also fine in the light of the intimate candle. Have you read lately again his Voyage to the Houyhnhnms? Try it alone again in quiet. Swift knew all about our contemporary troubles. He has got it all down. Why was he called a misanthrope? Reading that last voyage of Gulliver in the select intimacy of midnight I am forced to wonder, not at Swift's hatred of mankind, not at his satire of his fellows, not at the strange and terrible nature of this genius who thought that much of us, but how it is that after such a wise and sorrowful revealing of the things we insist on doing, and our reasons for doing them, and what happens after we have done them, men do not change. It does seem impossible that society could remain unaltered, after the surprise its appearance should have caused it as it saw its face in that ruthless mirror. We point instead to the fact that Swift lost his mind in the end. Well, that is not a matter for surprise.

SUCH books and France's "Isle of Penguins," are not disturbing as bed-books. They resolve one's agitated and outraged soul, relieving it with some free expression for the accusing and questioning thoughts engendered by the day's affairs. But they do not rest immediately to hand in the bookshelf by the bed. They depend on the kind of day one has had. Sterne is closer. One would rather be transported as far as possible from all the disturbances of earth's envelope of clouds, and "Tristram Shandy" is sure to be found in the sun. But best of all books for midnight are travel books. Once I was lost every night for months with Doughty in the "Arabia Deserta." He is a craggy author. A long course of the ordinary facile stuff, such as one gets in the Press every day, thinking it is English, sends one thoughtless and headlong among the bitter herbs and stark boulders of Doughty's burning and spacious expanse; only to get bewildered, and the shins broken, and a great fatigue at first, in a strange land of fierce sun, hunger, glittering spar, ancient plutonic rock, and very Adam himself. But once you are acclimatized, and know the language—it takes time—there is no more London after dark, till, a wanderer returned from a forgotten land, you emerge from the interior of Arabia on the Red Sea coast again, feeling as though you had lost touch with the world you used to know. And if that doesn't mean good writing I know of no other test.

H. M. T.

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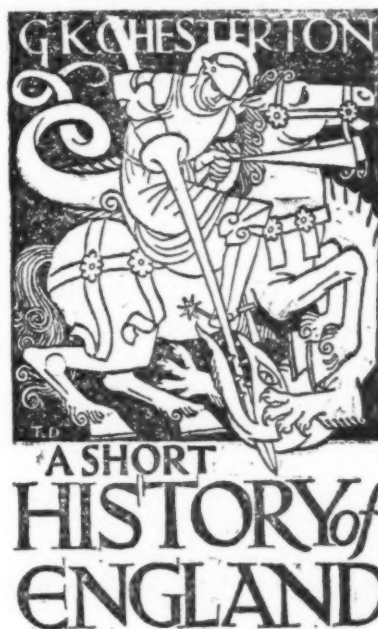
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Reviews.

HENRY JAMES AS A YOUNG MAN.

✓ "The Middle Years." By HENRY JAMES. (Collins. 5s. net.)

As one reads this last fragment of the autobiography of Henry James, one cannot help thinking of him as a convert giving his testimony. Henry James was converted into an Englishman with the same sense of being born again as many a convert to Christianity. He can speak of the joy of it all only in superlatives. He had the same sense of—in his own phrase—"agitations, explorations, initiations (I scarce know how endearingly enough to name them!)." He speaks of "this really prodigious flush" of his first full experience of England. He communicates the effect of his religious rapture when he tells us that "really wherever I looked, and still more wherever I pressed, I sank in and in up to my nose." How breathlessly he conjures up the scene of his dedication, as he calls it, in the coffee-room of a Liverpool hotel on that gusty, "overwhelmingly English" March morning in 1869, on which at the age of almost twenty-six he fortunately and fatally landed on these shores,

"with immediate intensities of appreciation, as I may call the muffled accompaniment, for fear of almost indecently overnaming it."

He looks back, with how exquisite a humor and seriousness, on that morning as having finally settled his destiny as an artist. "This doom," he writes:—

"This doom of inordinate exposure to appearances, aspects, images, every protrusive item almost, in the great beheld sum of things, I regard . . . as having settled upon me once for all while I observed, for instance, that in England the plate of buttered muffins and its cover were sacredly set upon the slop-bowl after hot water had been ingeniously poured into the same, and had seen that circumstance in a perfect cloud of accompaniments."

It is characteristic of Henry James that he should associate the hour in which he turned to grace with a plate of buttered muffins. His fiction remained to some extent to the end the tale of a buttered muffin. He made mountains out of muffins all his days. His ecstasy and his curiosity were nine times out of ten larger than their objects. Thus, though he was intensely interested in English life, he was interested in it, not in its largeness as life so much as in its littleness as a museum, almost a museum of *bric-à-brac*. He was enthusiastic about the waiter in the coffee-room in the Liverpool hotel chiefly as an illustration of the works of the English novelists.

Again and again in these reminiscences one comes upon evidence that Henry James arrived in England in the spirit of a collector, a connoisseur, as well as that of a convert. His ecstasy was that of a convert: his curiosity was that of a connoisseur. As he recalls his first experience of a London eating-house of the old sort, with its "small compartments, narrow as horse-stalls," he glories in the sordidness of it all, because "every face was a documentary scrap."

"I said to myself under every shock and at the hint of every savor that this it was for an exhibition to reek with local color, and one could dispense with a napkin, with a crusty roll, with room for one's elbows or one's feet, with an immunity from intermittence of the 'plain boiled' much better than one could dispense with that."

Here, again, one has an instance of the way in which the exhibition of English life revealed itself to Henry James as an exhibition of eating. "As one sat there," he says of his reeking restaurant, "one understood." It is in the same mood of the connoisseur on the track of a precious discovery that he recalls "the very first occasion of my sallying forth from Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square to dine at a house of sustaining, of inspiring hospitality in the Kensington quarter." What an epicure the man was! "The thrill of sundry invitations to breakfast" still survived on his palate more than forty years afterwards. Not that these meals were recalled as gorges of the stomach: they were merely gorges of sensation, gorges of the sense of the past. The breakfasts associated him "at a jump" with the ghosts of Byron and Sheridan and Rogers. They had also a documentary value as "the exciting note of a

social order in which everyone wasn't hurled straight, with the momentum of rising, upon an office or a store . . ." It was one morning, "beside Mrs. Charles Norton's tea-room, in Queen's Gate Terrace," that his "thrilling opportunity" came to sit opposite to Mr. Frederic Harrison, eminent in the eyes of the young American, not for his own sake so much as because recently he had been the subject of Matthew Arnold's banter. Everybody in England, like Mr. Harrison, seemed to Henry James to be somebody, or at least to have been talked about by somebody. They were figures, not cyphers. They were characters in a play with cross-references.

"The beauty was . . . that people had references, and that a reference was then, to my mind, whether in a person or an object, the most glittering, the most becoming ornament possible, a style of decoration one seemed likely to perceive figures here and there, whether animate or no, quite groan under the accumulation and the weight of."

It is surprising that, loving this new life so ecstatically, James should so seldom attempt to leave any detailed description of it in his reminiscences. He is constantly describing his raptures: he only occasionally describes the thing he was rapturous about. Almost all he tells us about "the extravagant youth of the æsthetic period" is that to live through it "was to seem privileged to such immensities as history would find left her to record but with bated breath." He recalls again "the particular sweetness of wonder" with which he haunted certain pictures in the National Gallery, but it is himself, not the National Gallery, that he writes about. Of Titian and Rembrandt and Rubens he communicates nothing but the fact that "the cup of sensation was thereby filled to overflowing." He does, indeed, give a slender description of his first sight of Swinburne in the National Gallery, but the chief fact even of this incident is that "I thrilled . . . with the prodigy of this circumstance that I should be admiring Titian in the same breath with Mr. Swinburne." Thus the reminiscences are, in a sense, extraordinarily egotistic. This is, however, not to condemn them. Henry James is his own greatest character, and his portrait of his excitements is one of the most enrapturing things in the literature of autobiography. He makes us share these excitements simply by telling us how excited he was. They are exactly the sort of excitements all of us have felt on being introduced to people and places and pictures we have dreamed about from our youth. Who has not felt the same kind of joy as Henry James felt when George Eliot allowed him to run for the doctor? "I shook off my fellow-visitor," he relates, "for swifter cleaving of the air, and I recall still feeling that I cleft it even in the dull four-wheeler." After he had delivered his message, he "cherished for the rest of the day the particular quality of my vibration." The occasion of the message to the doctor seems strangely comic in the telling. On arriving at George Eliot's, Henry James found one of G. H. Lewes's sons lying in horrible pain in the middle of the floor, the heritage of an old accident in the West Indies, or, as Henry James characteristically describes it:—

"a suffered onset from an angry bull, I seem to recall, who had tossed or otherwise mauled him, and, though beaten off, left him considerably compromised."

There is something more comic than this, however, to be got out of his visits to George Eliot. The visit he paid her at Witley under the "much-waved wing" of the irrepressible Mrs. Greville, who "knew no law but that of innocent and exquisite aberration," had a superb conclusion, which "left our adventure an approved ruin." As James was about to leave, and indeed was at the step of the brougham with Mrs. Greville, G. H. Lewes called on him to wait a moment. He returned to the doorstep, and waited till Lewes hurried back across the hall, "shaking high the pair of blue-bound volumes his allusion to the uninvited, the verily importunate loan of which by Mrs. Greville had lingered on the air after his dash in quest of them":—

"Ah, those books—take them away, please, away, away! I hear him unreservedly plead while he thrusts them again at me, and I scurry back into our conveyance."

The blue-bound volumes happened to be a copy of Henry James's own new book—a presentation copy he had given to Mrs. Greville, and she, in turn, with the best intentions, had tried to leave with George Eliot, to be read and admired. George Eliot and Lewes had simply failed to

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Henry James was more fortunate in Tennyson as a host. Tennyson had read at least one of his stories and liked it. All the same, James was disappointed in Tennyson. He expected to find him a vivid poet and found him only a booming bard. Not only was Tennyson not Tennysonian: he was not quite real. His conversation came as a shock to his guest:—

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POETIC CONTRASTS.

"Christ in Hades." By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Illustrated by STELLA LANGDALE. With an Introduction by C. LEWIS HIND. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

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It is not often that the chorus of irresponsible, indolent reviewers is privileged with three such examples of naïveté (in Mr. Lewis Hind), stout rhetoric (in Stephen Phillips's poem), and "vision fusing with technique" (in the illustration of Miss Langdale) within the covers of a single volume. Old-fashioned orthodoxy might lead us to think that an introduction to a dramatic poem would concern itself with that poem. Mr. Hind, with a gesture of intimate waggishness, topples the convention over. His introduction is mainly occupied with the virtues of Mr. John Lane, the publisher of this volume (with a list of the artists and readers associated with the firm), those doggish days of the 'nineties—and Mr. Hind. True Stephen Phillips does stroll into this Arcadia of literary lights and ebullient editors, and in the following manner. In the first place, Mr. Hind tells us how, when he was editor of the "Academy," a scheme was invented of "crowning" the two best books of the year; a book of poems with a hundred guineas, and a book of prose with fifty. "Christ in Hades" was one of the elect (given precedence over Francis Thompson's 1897 volume) and Henley's biography of Burns (given precedence over Mr. Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus") the other. Secondly, we are given a couple of extracts from the "Academy" as to the quality of "Christ in Hades," which as Mr. Hind calls them "pertinent and just," and as most naturally we are anxious for guidance in the estimate of the poem, we beg leave to quote:—

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Ah, spacious days, spacious days! For the rest, we have no space to wander further with Mr. Hind in the glades of the rollicking 'nineties, to dwell upon G. W. Stevens, "slight, stooping, wearing his glasses as anyone else wears a flower," or of Alfred Harmsworth, "our romantic figure," Dags, or rather lions, they were in those days, and there, with a bow, we must leave them.

But alas, fair reputations, we weep to see you haste away so soon. Twenty years and the poppy of oblivion is scattered over poor Stephen Phillips, who made such a stir in his day. It is not altogether his fault; we have simply outgrown his peculiarity of romantic closet-drama, with its set phrase, its love of sounding adjectives like "unconscionable," its slow monotonously accentuated blank verse, its artificial resonance, its love of the superlative, and its pageantry. We find it difficult to be impressed with those haughty single lines (like knights in armor) of which Phillips was so fond—a kind of Marlowese—"In miserable dim magnificence," and so on. Stephen Phillips paid the penalty of being too much the servant of his age and too little its master, and he enforced the lesson that the artist, if he is to last, must dominate and detach himself from the taste of his period. For it is the same with the darlings of contemporary letters as it is with kings' favorites. A calm posterity sends them into exile. And yet there is something about Phillips which is not entirely grandiose and grand mannerism. If he too consciously cultivated the grand style, he had a streak of it in him. Fashion pampered him and made him wear his buskins, so to speak, even in bed. Magniloquence was expected of him as gaudy rhetoric is of modern statesmen. But let us not forget the quite simple and genuine lover of a rather stiff and quite unintellectual poetic diction, in the contemplation of the swelling figure his contemporaries made of him.

The contrast of Edward Thomas's poetry is so extreme as to be almost grotesque. A letter in THE NATION has objected to our estimate of a certain diffidence, indeterminacy, and uncertainty which appear in Thomas's prose criticism. We passed no judgment upon these appearances, but left it to Thomas's readers to decide which of several alternatives were the cause and principle of them. To be a "non-combatant" of letters implies nothing derogatory at all; it is a statement, and, far from being susceptible of the simple interpretation which Mr. Philip Thomas puts upon it, opens up certain subtle questions of the relations of a sensitive personality to the hard conditions of contemporary letters—questions which we attempted to outline. Thomas's delicacy—and it was true and fine—was undoubtedly affected away from its proper development by those conditions, and he, we venture to believe, would have been the first to acknowledge it. But in his poetry, the happiest reflection of the passion of his intellectual life—Nature—that delicacy found its true orbit, and pursued its appointed pilgrimage. And these poems are certainly the best thing he ever did. Their quality is indeed to some extent compromised by a certain provoking reticence of delivery, an incompleteness only this side inadequacy, which makes one hesitate to acclaim them as the finished product of an absolute poet. They are the product indeed less of a poet than of a sweet ("sweet" is not an epithet thrown out at random) and precious poetic mind—a distinction which is not a shadowy one. They read, indeed, as the intimate diary of that mind, rather than as isolated poetic pieces. Their expression, that is to say, while not comprehending the sense of the inevitable and the universal, is the unstained mirror of a really exquisite temper. And from the poetic texture, never over-stressed, never emphatic, nor victimized by tricks, aloof from false as from vigorous emotion, we are initiated into a secrecy and mystery of poetic feeling which are a rare delight. Thomas's poetry is entirely personal in

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Their joy or their pain
To whistle through—
Choose me,
You English words?

"I know you;
You are light as dreams,
Tough as oak,
Precious as gold,
As poppies and corn,
Or an old cloak;
Sweet as our birds
To the ear,
As the burnet rose
In the heat
Of Midsummer;
Strange as the races
Of dead and unborn;
Strange and sweet
Equally,
And familiar
To the eye,
As the dearest faces
That a man knows.

"And as last homes are:
But though older far
Than oldest yew—
As our hills are old—
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Again and again;
Young as our streams
After rain;
And as dear
As the earth which you prove
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"It was a perfect day
For sowing; just
As sweet and dry was the ground
As tobacco-dust.

"I tasted deep the hour
Between the far
Owl's chuckling first soft cry
And the first star.

"A long-stretched hour it was;
Nothing undone
Remained; the early seeds
All safely sown.

"And now, hark at the rain,
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crafty knowledge of society and its ways, if you are more concerned with your fellows than the other insects. Or as picaresque romance. Or, if you care for philosophy, as an allegory, awful in import, of what happens when life blindly obeys the force of instinct, and the urge of the mob. Anyhow, at least it is clear that Fabre's Caterpillar, detected adrift in the now growing spate of new books, has some of the qualities of the deathless worm.

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making the most of him; instead of which his poverty was such that his investigations were often curtailed and even nullified, for the want of apparatus which would have cost less than a bottle of champagne. Modesty could hardly go beyond Fabre's; and we may be sure the armament-makers and forestallers would not dispute his humble acceptance of a reward inferior to theirs, because his intelligence was not on their level.

And, he asks, where should we find anything analogous to the exact parity prevailing among the caterpillars? Well, he is dead now; but what does this narrative from his book sound like: literal science, or allegory? He intended it to be a literal narrative. He is telling us of the doings of the caterpillars of the Pine Processionary. They live in communities, and their habits are most regular. They do things to-day, not only because they did them yesterday, but because caterpillars like themselves have always acted that way. They cannot help it. They must dree their weird. And Fabre, aged and wise, standing over these poor crawlers like le Très-Haut, watches them in pity, hoping they will decide in a common-sense way, in spite of their primitive instincts, but . . . well, here is what he saw.

These caterpillars, it should be understood, leave a communistic home together, when the weather is set fair, and so grazing. As they move along they spin fine threads, which they leave astern to guide them back again; wonderful forethought on the part of Nature! But that common mother of ours cannot be always trusted. Fabre used to wonder what would happen if these little creatures got on a circular track; were short-circuited, as it were. In his experiments, he failed to inveigle them into this disaster. But at last he succeeded. The procession, one day, climbed the side of a large flower-pot, and began to circulate on the rim, leaving their thread for guidance. Fabre destroyed the ascending link, and watched for what would happen.

"The circular procession begins . . . on the 30th of January, about midday, in splendid weather. The caterpillars march at an even pace, each touching the stern of the one in front of him. The unbroken chain eliminates the leader with his changes of direction; and all follow mechanically, as faithful to their circle as the hands of a watch. The headless file has no liberty left, no will; it has become mere clockwork. And this continues for hours and hours. My success goes beyond my wildest expectations. I stand amazed at it, or rather, I am stupefied."

Fabre puts near them, below the pot, a branch of their favorite food. They continue to march round and round, in search of what is close at hand. "To reach it they need but go down; and the poor wretches, foolish slaves of their ribbon that they are, cannot make up their minds to do so. I leave the famished ones (at night), persuaded they will take counsel with their pillows, and that on the morrow things will have resumed their ordinary course. I was wrong. I was expecting too much of them when I accorded them that faint gleam of intelligence which the tribulations of a distressful stomach ought, one would think, to have aroused."

Seen next day at dawn, they were lined up, but motionless. Then the procession began anew, with no variation to be noted in "its machine-like obstinacy." A bitter night followed, but it did not bring them to reason. The next day, fatigued and sluggish, they resumed their hopeless march in search of what was not there. "Then when," asks Fabre, "will the deliverance come? There is a legend that tells of poor souls dragged along in an endless round until the hellish charm is broken by a drop of holy water." He waited for this. Exhaustion, due to hunger and fatigue, eventually began to give chances of release from the spell. Cripples fell out, and seemed inclined to make paths for themselves. There was the possibility that the mob, following one of these by-paths, could free itself from its curse. With the night of the fifth day, however, there was a frost which seemed likely to kill the lot, though the leaderless caterpillars managed to survive. Breaches in the line caused by stragglers and cripples continued to increase. "Everything seemed to point to the disintegration which would bring safety." Once a pioneer did plunge over the fatal rim of the flower-pot, went some distance down, but returned from freedom and safety to the endless round. But that pioneer, and others like him, at least laid suggestive threads. Happened upon by other stragglers, these chance guiding-lines at last brought all the caterpillars, not as a mob, but

in small companies, on the eighth day, back to their home again. To them, we may fancifully assume, Fabre was a pale abstraction high over them, impassive yet watchful, but making no sign that he had anything to do with them; careless whether they found a way out, or remained on their hopeless round till they died for want of the intelligent help he could have given them had he wished.

THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIES.

"The Life of St. Francis Xavier." By EDITH ANNE STEWART. (Headley. 12s. 6d. net.)

How much of the world St. Francis Xavier saw! Navarre, Paris, Rome, Lisbon, Goa, Cape Cormorin, Ceylon, Negapatam, St. Thomé, "the Islands of Hope in God," Cochin, Japan, in all their bewildering sixteenth century variety and color, form the successive stages of his pilgrimage. He dies at the gates of China. He is by birth a Basque noble—an hidalgo—"hijo d'algo," "a son of somebody." His first nineteen years of life are spent at the ancestral castle of Xavier, in Navarre. There follows a period of eleven years—it seems an incredibly long time—at the College of St. Sarbe, in the medieval University of Paris. One divines the scholastic atmosphere; there are certain books of the time—there lies one on the writer's table as he writes—which, as you turn them, make you feel it across the centuries. It seems to have repelled Xavier. For a time he consorted with Lutherans. Then the great event of his life happened: he met Ignatius of Loyola. From henceforth life had for him a single meaning and purpose and aim.

There are few stories in religious history more beautiful than that of the founding of the Company of the Name of Jesus. A burning sincerity, a selfless enthusiasm, an absolute singleness of mind, a tender fraternal charity shine out in it. Ignatius of Loyola and Francis Xavier, and the Savoyard Peter Faber, and the rest—they were convinced that they had found the one thing needful, the pearl of great price. To the end the scattered members of the original company were bound together by a profound affection. One feels it in every word of the letters written to Ignatius in far-off Rome by Francis, "his least and most exiled son."

Miss Stewart tells the story of Francis's life with an abounding sympathy. We think, however, that she tends to protestantize or modernize him unduly. She says, for instance: "The greatest of Loyola's disciples was the least of the Jesuits. Xavier as a Protestant would not have been very different from Xavier of the Company of Jesus." Possibly; the spirit would no doubt have been the same; the difference is in the acceptance and inculcation of the whole Papal doctrine in its most extreme form. The Jesuits were the Catholic reaction; every member of the Society was the immediate personal and individual servant of the Pope. Again, she says:—

"It is singularly disconcerting to hear Francis beg for indulgences. What would he himself have done with such things? He must have felt like an over-indulgent god-parent ordering toys and sweets for the children who would one day have grown out of such childish desires."

This surely is to read modern ideas into the minds of a sixteenth-century Catholic. He himself writes to Loyola, from Mozambique, on his voyage from Lisbon to Goa:—

"Immediately on our arrival here we took charge of the poor sick who came in the armada. My time has been spent in confessing them, communicating them, and helping them to die well. I made use of those plenary indulgences His Holiness granted me for these parts. Almost all died contentedly when they saw how fully I could absolve them in the hour of death."

To Xavier himself the indulgences hot from Rome were a spiritual dainty full of sweetness. There is nothing incompatible with this in the fact that his letters breathe the very spirit of St. Paul.

In the account of the same voyage we read:—

"Just after they arrived, a young man, one of Xavier's fellow-passengers, suddenly died. 'Had he known Jesus Christ?' asked Francis. 'No,' he was told. And those present were astonished at the sight of him completely overcome with sorrow. 'But you did not know him,' they said.



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"Another horror has been added to an already overflowing cup of woe, that of tetanus, as many as ten dying daily from it, and sometimes more.

"But more alarming than all is the pall of melancholia which is settling over the entire country. Omnipresent fear, famine, sickness, execution, and news from the war, have wiped smiles from every face. Not one family but wears black, and it seems to have entered the brains and hearts of a people particularly full of sympathy when sorrow comes, so that those left are now half demented or wholly so."

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'That is what distresses me,' he said. 'To think,' he added, 'that I should have been in the same ship with him all those months and not have told him of Christ.'

We have spoken of St. Paul. John Wesley, if we remember right, says somewhere that the life of the Apostle of the Indies, with its travels, labors, and sufferings is not unworthy to be ranked with that of the Apostles of the Gentiles. In his letters, of which many are given, and which form the chief attraction of this very interesting book, Xavier's spiritual kinship with St. Paul comes out again and again in passages like this:—

"Neither the devil nor his ministers, nor the great sea tempests, nor the evil barbarians, nor any other creature can harm those who are altogether established in God. For their confidence is all in God, and they know for certain, even when facing tribulations greater than ever they saw, that without His leave all these can do nothing."

All this is perfectly simple, natural, spontaneous. In all his wanderings to the end of his life he never ceased to be himself. He played cards with the soldiers, amused the children, looked after the comfort of invalids, not as condescendingly playing a part, but naturally. His dealings with individuals, and with situations as they arose, seem to have been marked by the strongest common sense. In later times the very word "Jesuitry" came to be a synonym for artificial religionism, but in the foundation of the Order Ignatius of Loyola and Francis Xavier and Peter Faber expressed themselves perfectly. It is a sad irony that their self-expression should have resulted in the creation of a huge machine for the crushing and warping of human individualities.

Here is a portrait of Xavier painted by a contemporary:—

"He went about always with his eyes on the sky, in the sight of which he found particular comfort and joy, as of the fatherland to which he sought to go. And thus he walked with his face so happy and ardent that it caused much happiness to all who saw him. And sometimes it happened that if any of the brothers were sad, the way they took to be happy was to go and look at him. He was very affable with outside people, happy and familiar with those in the house."

Another writes:—

"Imagine, my brethren, what it is to see, coming and going on this earth, one whose conversation is in heaven. His smiling face is so joyful and peaceful. He is always smiling; but no, he does not smile, it is spiritual joy that is on his face."

The people of that long-vanished world of the sixteenth century are like figures in a tapestry that come to life for a moment in these letters. It is strange to think of Xavier moving amid all that fleeting crowd of East and West, Portuguese, Japanese, Malays, soldiers, pilgrims, and prisoners, joyfully confident that he is in touch with eternal things and can bring eternal things to them.

The most touching thing in the book is the last. As he lay dying on the island from which he was too ill to attempt to cross to the mainland of China, he began to talk in a language which none of his companions understood, which was neither Latin nor French, nor Italian, nor Spanish, nor Portuguese. It was Basque, the tongue he had spoken in childhood in the village of Xavier, in Navarre. His whole nature and personality drew back whence it had come forth; he breathed his native air; he got back to the first facts.

JOG ON, JOG ON.

"Missing." By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Collins. 6s. net.)

"The Starlit Garden." By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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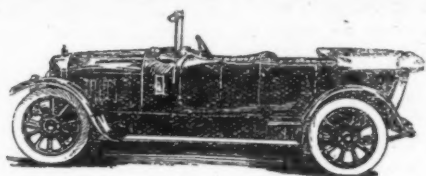
It would seem an elementary question and made inevitable by the economic law of novel-production, but how often is it put? Here we get novels turned out by the hundred every year, and only the damming of this rather muddy river—which is as much a permanent feature of our intellectual life as the Thames is of London—would finally convince us that the war really is going to put an end to civilized

humanity. And yet how do we think of this output, how do we meet it and cope with it, what kind of weirs, locks, and bridges have we made up our mind to erect along this tremendous river of fiction? It really is a serious question, because it is surely the business of criticism to supply good Ordnance maps of the territory of its age—not to let the traveller get lost in great anonymous tracts, for the want of them. The usual way out is to strew some of the marketable critic's jargon about and leave the matter. And on the face of it, this ready-made, hard-to-match method is not so blameworthy as a purist ought to find it. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the sheer numerical weight of these novels, there is not a great deal of difference between them, and they fall readily enough into those very broad classifications to which critical jargon can more comfortably adapt itself. Then, again, the application of the æsthetic test appears irrelevant. It is like summoning Tom, Dick, and Harry to the bar, because none of them is Paul. It is superfluous to tell this novelist that his sense of pattern and design is crude when it is non-existent; or that one that he composes the humanities in a way unfamiliar to experience, when he does not create character at all. And remember that we are not so happily placed as to find so many deviations from the average as to upset it. Where then does the critic of fiction stand? Surely, he is compelled by the nature and quality of his material to judge it in so far as it reflects its author's points of view about life—to view their temperaments and mentality through their novels. When he reads a novel, that is to say, he does not say that this novel is good or bad, or ask himself why it is good or bad; he says to himself—this, that, or the other is what the author thinks or feels or is. Such an attitude may be justified or it may not; the point is that the novel itself, living no separate or objective life, becoming in essence autobiographical (whether directly by means of "realism" or indirectly), being attached to its author's leading-strings, offers no alternative.

That is, for instance, how we have to view Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Missing." Mrs. Ward belongs to an older generation, but she tries valiantly to keep up to date. A young officer has one of those terrible mushroom marriages with a rather empty-headed young thing. He is "missing" after Loos, and his young wife, in the belief that he is dead, almost lets herself become united with a wealthy baronet. But Lieutenant Saratt reappears to die in earnest, to impress upon his wife the seriousness of his death, and to teach her the lesson of endurance and self-sacrifice. Well, one thinks of Mrs. Humphry Ward, not of her theatre of character and action. And one cannot but reflect that she is liable to make a point of putting the cart before the horse. She appears in her book to be leaning towards the very dangerous, the really dreadful tendency of idealizing war as a means of generating the virtues of fortitude and endurance—of justifying Mephisto because he puts you on your mettle. So long as such a half-acknowledged theory holds the field, one may cry more rationally for the moon than for the abolition of war.

Mr. Stacpoole's "The Starlit Garden" concerns the relations of a romantic Irish girl, who bears the name of Phyllice Berknowles, with her young, spruce, well-tailored American guardian, Mr. Pinckney. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Stacpoole takes some two-thirds of the book to up-anchor and away and to introduce us to the impetuous young Southerner, Silas Grangeron, who discovers Phyllice and Mr. Pinckney to one another, puts the fat in the fire, and does us a real service in bringing about impatiently some kind of a story and situation. It is not easy to think about Mr. Stacpoole's attitude to life in this somewhat prolix affair, but we do feel that he may be thinking a little too consciously about the golden hearts of his readers.

Miss Syrett's novel is a workmanlike sketch of the elder generation and its susceptibility to youth; independent young women and theirs to a novelty of environment and impressions; Cubists and the Café Royal. And it really does make us indignant with mine ancients at the Sign of the Café Royal, not precisely because and for the reasons that Miss Syrett is indignant with them, but because the loud, banging noise they made long, long ago has encouraged so many well-intentioned but ill-informed people to exclaim: "There! you see what these artists are!" And Miss Syrett must not forget that if the young are sometimes foolish, the old are not necessarily wise. The fault of Miss Syrett's book, like



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that of most others of the more ambitious type to-day and yesterday, is that it impresses one as a section of moving pictures, unrelated to any broader synthesis and purpose. For all that, it is a readable, creditable piece of work—principally, we imagine, because it presents to us the agreeable landscape of the author's own gentle, benignant, and yet firm appreciation of, if not the fine, yet the decent values of life. For one thing, we are profoundly grateful to her. While introducing the war at the end (that, of course, was inevitable), she does not follow in the footsteps of her brother and sister novelists and fall into a rapture about the New World, the nobility of sacrifice (by others, not for others), &c., as contrasted with the indifferent egoisms of the old bad, mad, sad world undisciplined by war.

Mrs. Hinkson's sensibilities are a pleasant thing to note, even though she is inclined to strain them, nurse them, sometimes even to coddle them, in a manner not very different from the fashion of a century ago. And Miss Mary, the daughter of Irish gentry, becomes rather tiresome, because we are not quite able to see her with Mrs. Hinkson's eyes. We have to take her extreme delicacy on the author's word, and, in spite of an acknowledgment due to a gracious narrative, we are inclined, for the time being and at the end of the book, to view the bold dandelion in a more favorable light than the modest violet.

A NON-HISTORICAL CHRIST.

"The Jesus Problem: A Restatement of the Myth Theory." By J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P. Issued for the Rationalist Press Association. (Watts. 5s.)

EVEN in theology a thesis which experts refuse to take seriously labors under difficulties. It has been said of Judaism that a religion which begins with a surgical operation is over-handicapped. *Mutatis mutandis*, this applies to the theory of which Mr. J. M. Robertson is the best known English exponent. It is possible that his complaints of the "blusterousness" of some critics and the "journalistic disparagement" of others are not wholly without foundation. But it is not in theology only that experts are jealous, and regard trespassers with ill-will. Perhaps his best argument is his appeal to the working of this jealousy in history. "Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? As your fathers did, so do ye."

The *Schola*, however, as Newman calls it, is not always in the wrong, though it often has been, and often is, so; cases of conflict must be taken separately, each on its own merits. And it is difficult not to think that the most that can be said for the myth solution of the Jesus Problem is that, as Harnack said of Sohm's *Kirchenrecht*, it arrives *ex errore per veritatem ad errorem*. It has come upon real values, by the way; but its starting point was at fault, and its end is unrealized; its exaggeration is fatal to the elements of truth which it contains. That an argument can be stated for it is true. Whately's "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon" is a classic; and in our own time one of the first of English critics spent learning enough to fill libraries on a theory of Hebrew history so impossible that one's instinctive exclamation is, "To what purpose was this wrote?" But—

"It is not orthodoxy that is to-day fighting the case of the historicity of Jesus. Orthodoxy is committed to the miraculous, to Revelation, to the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, and, if it would be consistent, to the Ascension, which is on the same plane of belief. Upon such assumptions there can be no critical defence worthy of the name. The defence is being conducted by the avowed, or non-avowed, Neo-Unitarians of the various Churches and countries"

—i.e., by the best expert knowledge of our time. That a Jesus myth might have arisen on the lines described by Mr. Robertson is, no doubt, conceivable. But there is no evidence, worthy to be called evidence, that it did. The hypothesis of a pre-Christian Jesus worship is gratuitous; no trace of such a myth or sect is to be found. The whole speculation rests on a transfer of the beliefs and practices of another age and world to the Judea of the Augustan period. The foundation is fantastic; such fruits did not grow, and could not by any possibility have grown, on this soil.

"Two Summers in the Ice-Wilds of Eastern Karakorum." By FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN and WILLIAM H. WORKMAN. (Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

THIS book, probably the most important geographical work published during the war—it is certainly the most elaborate and sumptuous—was to have appeared in the autumn of 1914; but in that autumn Karakorum ceased to mean anything that mattered. Now, it seems, we may discern its peaks again. They are alluring enough in the hundred and forty-one photographs contained in this volume; but the masterly skill of Dr. and Mrs. Workman with the camera of the explorer needs no advertisement. To mountaineers this volume will have a particular appeal. Geographers, generally, will know they must have it. But perhaps it is inadvisable to recommend it indiscriminately to readers of books of travel, for the appeal of this narrative of exploration is more to the experts than to those who find solace in "Eöthen," or even in the serious work of such as Bates and Wallace.

The Week in the City.

THE tone of the security markets has been fairly confident, and the fact that Consols are still above 56 may be taken as a proof that the City does not expect the war to last very long. Since the Stock Exchange discovered Mr. Horatio Bottomley's intimate relations with the Prime Minister, Sir Douglas Haig, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, and others, the forecasts of "John Bull" have attracted attention, and Mr. Bottomley's insistence that the war will be practically over by Christmas is quoted as a set-off to official pessimism. The fall in silver continues. Russian Bonds are still flat, and form a startling contrast with Scandinavian securities. Thus, Russian Fours stand at 50, yielding 8 per cent., while Swedish Three-and-a-Half per cents. stand at 119, yielding less than 3 per cent. There is no doubt at all that the nations which have remained neutral throughout the war will be extraordinarily powerful, financially, after it is over.

Those Nitrate Companies which close their financial year on June 30th will soon be declaring their dividends and issuing reports, and to judge by the movement of share prices in the past two or three months, it seems that the market is expecting satisfactory results and higher dividends, for quotations now stand higher than at any period during the war. It is generally understood that most of the companies have increased their output considerably, while the average selling price during the year has been about 9s. per quintal, as compared with 7s. 8d. per quintal for 1915-16. Working expenses, especially labor and fuel, have risen heavily, and the rise in the value of the Chilean dollar has not been in the companies' favor, but in spite of this it seems likely that the profit per quintal will be appreciably higher than in the previous year. Directors will be fully justified in adopting a conservative policy with regard to distribution, but many of the companies have built up strong balance-sheets, and in view of the fact that since the close of the financial year, nitrate prices have advanced still further, it is quite likely that market expectations of higher dividends will be realised.

The report for the year ending June 30th last of Dick Kerr & Co., the well-known firm of engineers and electrical manufacturers, shows that the company has again had a successful year. Net profits amounted to £85,300 as compared with £61,200 for 1915-16 and £36,100 for 1914-15. The Ordinary dividend is raised from 6 to 10 per cent., and after setting aside £25,000 to a special reserve for contingencies, the balance carried forward is £15,600 higher, at £36,000. During the year the company completed and organised the national factory, the construction of which was entrusted to it, and handed it over to the Government as a going concern in July last. It has acquired the control of the United Electric Car Co. by the purchase of the greater part of the issued Preference and Ordinary shares of that company, and an offer is now made to share and debenture holders to purchase the 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares at par before offering them for sale elsewhere. The output of the Car Company, whose works are situated at Preston, adjoining those of Dick Kerr & Co., will be sold through the latter's selling organization, and it is anticipated that a considerable increase in business and reduction in general and administrative expenses will result.

LUCELLUM.

The Issue by the Aircraft Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of the Shares referred to in this Offer has been sanctioned by the Treasury.

The Treasury has been consulted under the notification of the 18th January, 1915, and raises no objection to the issue of the within-mentioned Shares. It must be distinctly understood that, in considering whether they have or have not any objections to the new issues, the Treasury does not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of any schemes or for the correctness of any of the statements made or opinions expressed with regard to them.

The special permission of the Committee of the Stock Exchange has been granted for dealing in these Shares so soon as the Share Certificates for the Shares now offered are ready.

The List of Applications for purchase will close on or before the 3rd day of November, 1917.

THE AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURING Company, Ltd.

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Entitled to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, payable free of all present or future income tax up to the limit of five shillings in the pound, and a right upon any distribution of assets of the Company to priority as to repayment of Capital.

250,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative and Participating "B" Preference Shares of £1 each,

Entitled, subject to the dividend on the First Preference Shares, to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, and to a participation of 20 per cent. of the amount by which the remaining profits which it shall be determined to distribute in any year shall exceed £5,000 (the amount of the fixed dividend on the Preferred Ordinary Shares), provided that such participation shall not in any one year exceed an additional 7 per cent. For the year ending 31st March, 1918, such further dividend is limited to one-half of the above participation. Upon any distribution of assets of the Company these Shares are entitled, after payment of the amounts due in respect of the First Preference Shares, to priority as to repayment of Capital.

50,000 Preferred Ordinary Shares of £1 each, all of which are issued. Entitled out of the remainder of such profits to a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and thereafter to one-half of the balance thereof.

50,000 Deferred Ordinary Shares of One Shilling each,

all of which are issued. Entitled to the remainder of such profits. The Company has entered into an Agreement with the British, Foreign and Colonial Corporation, Ltd., that neither Debentures (other than Debentures to the Company's Bankers to secure overdrafts or advances from such Bankers) nor shares ranking in priority to, or *pari passu* with, the Preference Shares now issued, shall be created without the sanction of the "B" Preference Shareholders.

**Offer for Sale of
250,000 7% Cumulative and Participating "B"
Preference Shares of £1 each.
Dividends payable 1st June and 1st December.**

THE BRITISH, FOREIGN & COLONIAL CORPORATION, Ltd.
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will receive applications for the purchase from them of the above 250,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative and Participating "B" Preference Shares of £1 each through their Bankers,

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, Ltd.

Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2, and Branches and through the Bankers of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company, Limited,

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED,

72, Lombard Street, E.C. 3, and Branches
At the price of **21s.** per Share.

The 250,000 "B" Preference Shares now offered for Sale rank for the fixed dividend at the rate of 7% on 20s. per Share, from the 15th Oct. and for participation as from the 1st Oct., 1917.

The following is an extract from a letter by Mr. G. Holt Thomas, the Chairman of the Aircraft Manufacturing Co., Limited, dated 1st October, 1917: "The total amount of capital expenditure on land, buildings, plant, and machinery for the purpose of extensions since the outbreak of war to the 31st March, 1917, amounted to £194,093, and since the 31st March, 1917, considerable further expenditure thereon has taken place. . . Upon the basis of the profits for the year ending 31st March, 1917, referred to in the Auditor's Certificate, the fixed Dividend on the "B" Preference Shares is covered more than five and a-half times, and, including the proceeds of the present issue, these shares will be covered by Assets to the extent of 30s. for each £1 subscribed."

The full text of the above-mentioned letter from the Chairman, as well as full particulars of the offer of shares, with forms of application, may be obtained from the Bankers, the Brokers to the offer, Messrs. John Prust & Co., 57, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C. 2; Messrs. Fyfe & Horton, 75, Colmore Row, Birmingham; Messrs. David Q. Henriques & Co., 13, Pall Mall, Manchester; and from the British, Foreign & Colonial Corporation, Limited, 57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

BRITISH DYES (LIMITED).

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the board of directors was issued to the shareholders on the 24th inst., in the following terms:—

CAPITAL.—The issued share and loan capital of the company as at April 30th, 1917, consisted of: Share capital subscribed (942,069 shares of £1 each, 15s. per share called up), £942,069; loan from Government, £1,142,069; making a total of £2,084,138.

RESULTS OF THE YEAR.—The directors are glad to be able to report that, subject to the adjustment of the allowances under the Finance and Munitions of War Acts, they regard the results of the year's trading as very satisfactory, and they feel justified in recommending the payment of a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, which is the maximum amount allowed. The shareholders will accordingly be asked to approve the payment of a dividend at that rate.

SUPPLY OF DYES AND INTERMEDIATE PRODUCTS.—The production of dyes continues to be limited by the shortage, caused by the war, of certain materials, but notwithstanding this, the supply throughout the year has been increased, and the variety of dyes extended. An extensive plant for the production of Azo colours has been completed and is now in operation. The range of direct cotton colours has been supplemented by the inclusion of a yellow, violet, and green. The supply of wool colors of this type has been enlarged. The production of methylene blue has been largely increased, and the output of mordant colours of the type of khaki yellow, green, and brown, is now sufficient to meet the demands made upon the company for dyestuffs used in the manufacture of the varied clothing equipment of our own and Allied troops. Among the vat dyes of the Indanthrene type a blue and yellow are being produced. It is hoped shortly to extend the range of these colours. The company has produced a colour similar to the alizarine blue dyestuff for wool of exceptional fastness to the action of light. The requirements of the Government for dyes for a variety of military purposes have been fully met, and this demand has to some extent necessarily interfered with the regularity of supplies to the trade. Important installations for the manufacture of intermediate products, including paranitraniline and beta naphthol, have been completed. Plants for the manufacture of other products are being proceeded with as rapidly as possible, and as these come into operation they will provide materials from which the variety as well as the quantity of colours manufactured can be augmented.

NEW WORKS.—In addition to the plant referred to, the following important work, as well as much minor work, has been carried out:—

(1) The construction of the works railway and its branches has been well advanced towards completion. (2) A number of large new sheds for the manufacture of intermediate products and colours have been completed. (3) The electrical installation has been completed, and both the old and the new works are now entirely operated by the company's own plant. (4) A power gas plant has been completed and is in operation. (5) A water service reservoir, with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons, has been constructed. (6) A pipe system for the distribution of gas, steam, and compressed air throughout the works is approaching completion.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT.—The work of the research department has received a great deal of attention during the year, and increased facilities for laboratory and experimental work have been provided. As soon as arrangements can be made for the supply of labour and materials, the construction of the main research laboratory at Huddersfield will be commenced, the plans having already been prepared. In the meantime, research work on behalf of the company is being carried on at the Universities of Oxford, Leeds, Liverpool, in addition to the work done in the several laboratories attached to the works.

STAFF.—Mr. S. E. Bastow has been appointed chief engineer to the company and has been added to the technical committee. The staff of qualified chemists is being steadily increased, and now numbers well over 100. Arrangements have been made to encourage the study of chemistry at the Universities and technical schools, and the directors propose, in order to meet the future requirements of the company, to take special steps to secure a sufficient number of students, and to equip them with a thorough scientific education and training.

CO-OPERATION.—The question of co-operation among dye manufacturers has been engaging the attention of the Board of Trade throughout the year, but they have not yet taken any definite steps in this direction. The directors have throughout maintained the attitude that they will welcome any tangible proposal for co-operation with other manufacturers, provided that the interests of the textile and other industries dependent on the supply of dyes are safeguarded, and that the co-operation can be carried into effect in a manner consistent with the object for which this company was established.

THE FUTURE OF THE DYE INDUSTRY.—The directors would again emphasise the fact that, before dye-making can be established as a national industry in this country, it is necessary to put down plant to manufacture intermediate products, and the provision of plant for this purpose has largely devolved on the company. While a great deal has been accomplished, with limited means and under difficult conditions, in producing dyes to satisfy immediate needs and in laying the foundations of the industry, it should be clearly recognised that not much more than a beginning has been effected up to the present, and great efforts have yet to be made. The need for the employment of greatly increased capital is emphasised by the fact that the recently published accounts of five of the German dye manufacturing firms show assets which amount in the aggregate to upwards of £35,000,000 sterling, including cash resources of approximately £10,000,000 sterling.

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Dr. COIT : Lessons from Greek Life

" 11—Herodotus and the Persian War

" 18—Thucydides and the Peloponnesian War

" 25—Demosthenes and the Athenian Democracy

SUNDAY EVENINGS at 6.30—

November 4—Mr. W. STEPHEN SANDERS : The Spirit of Germany

" 11—DR. STANTON COIT : New Controversy about Spirit

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